

Fifty Shades Of Difference

by AnnoyedPrincess

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Summary: PLEASE BE ADVISED, THIS IS AN ADULT STORY, THERE IS SWEARING, THERE WILL BE EXPLICIT ADULT SCENES. Hi there, this is a twist on the original Fifty Shades of Grey Trilogy. I'd love any and all reviews, please feel free to send me any messages/emails with advice or comments. Thank you.

1. Chapter 1

****I do not own any of the characters, nor do I completely own the story line. Fifty Shades of Grey, to me just didn't cover enough of the wedding, pregnancy or the afterthought of their life, so this story is a complete rendition of that story line. I hope you enjoy.****

****Chapter One:**

>APOV.

I awoke this morning to a little girl jumping on my bed screaming "Mumma, Mumma time to get uwp!" and bursting into a giggling fit when I grabbed her and pulled her into me for cuddles and kisses.
>"But my special little princess, I'm tired." I stop cuddling and pull a pouty face at my little girl, her brown curls in disarray around her face.
"Naw Mumma, Auntie Kate is in kitchen awsking for yew!" she slams her hands down into the bed in the most dramatic fashion. Groaning internally, I stare at my little girl and smile so wide I could have sworn my face would split in two.
>"Can you go get Auntie Kate and bring her to my room princess?" she huffs really loudly but runs to go get her aunty. I sit up in bed and await Kate's arrival and boy when she arrives she looks shocking.<p>

My little girls voice is a low murmur through the walls. "Auntie Kate! Auntie Kate! Mumma would wike yew!" "Okay Princess Jasmine, I'm coming." Kate's voice sounds husky, deeper than usual, as she walks through the doors I see why.
>"Oh Kate, go put on some pj's and come to bed with Jasmine and I."

her nose is stuffy and red, her eyes look puffy the tell-tale sign of a sickness. I've reverted into a mother mode, to look after those I love dear.
"Oh Ana" she croaks. "I can't, I have this interview today remember?" her eyes look down trodden.

>"Oh Kate, I completely forgot..." My hands flutter looking for something to settle on, to fix it. "Is there anything I can do?"
Her eyes light up then, I groan inwards knowing a complication about to arise. "Well..." here it comes... " I was wondering, you went to college Ana, if I give you the questions... Could you, could you interview him?"

>My eyes go wide and I look at Jasmine who's busily playing with her dolls on the end of my bed. "Kate... I've got Jasmine to think about..." Kate interrupts. "I'll look after my gorgeous niece!"
I get out of bed, huffing and puffing. "Fine Kate, but if Jasmine gets sick, I'm making you look after her!" she beams with excitement. "I'm going to shower; write the list of questions you need me to ask."

>With Kate here at least I'm able to have a shower in peace, children don't exactly allow you to have 5 minutes of peace, although I can hear her giggling in the next room screaming "stop auntie Kate!" I chuckle knowing Kate's got her pinned down in a tickle fight. At least she'll be tired tonight if the tickling continues all day.
I dress in a blue dress with black stockings, and a matching jacket with blue heels. Going over my outfit in the mirror it looks professional enough for a simple interview, I'm not a journalist nor a reporter but I'm currently completing an English degree which has a lot to do with editing other journalists work I guess.

Kate and Jasmine are asleep by the time I'm dressed, my hair is out, with a flick at the end giving a relaxed vibe to my outfit I would have loved to hear Kate's opinion but I wasn't going to wake my two favorite girls, so smiling to myself I grab the piece of paper Kate's got the questions and the address on, and grab her recorder and notepad and head out into the Seattle, heading for Grey Enterprises Holding Inc. to interview what I assume was going to be a lower down employee.

>I arrived 15 minutes early, the same as I would do for a job interview, heading straight for the front reception desk.
"Hello, I'm Anastasia Steele, for miss Kavanagh for an interview?" the blonde behind the counter looks shocked as she looks me up and down, I grimace inwards at the lack of respect.

>"Miss Steele, Mr. Grey is available in 20 minutes, I will call down Mr. Taylor his Security team to take you up to his office now." The pretty little blonde was good at her job I'll admit that, smiling at her I promptly wait for Mr. Taylor's arrival, I move towards some chairs for waiting clients I assume, I begin to go over the questions.<p>

"Miss Steele?" I deep voice was beside me. I quickly scramble to my feet to look at the man who has spoken.

>"Uh, yes! My name is Anastasia Steele, pleasure to meet you Mr.?" I can't leave that shocked pitch out of my voice, the pitch I know doesn't sound professional.
"Taylor, I will be escorting you to Mr. Grey's office."

>He was straight forward, I was escorted to the elevator where I ran through Mr. Grey in my head, when it dawned on me that I wasn't meeting some lower down hireling but rather the CEO himself, which made my stomach flip inwards, my hands began to shake so I held them behind my back to steady myself.
"Miss Steele, I advise you to not be nervous, and to show strength." a small smile plays at the corner

of his lips.

>"Thank you Mr. Taylor, that's very kind and very wise advice." A smile at him even though I barely reach his chest I don't feel as intimidated anymore.<p>

"Hello Miss Steele, if you'd please take a seat I will let Mr. Grey know you've arrived." Another bleach blonde is at his reception desk, with another blonde next to what I assume is Grey's office. "Thank you." is all I can manage. I leave Taylor and go sit in the chairs again going over any questions Kate's given me, playing out how the sound in my head.

>After about 5 minutes I check my phone to see if Kate's sent me a morning text message of how my daughter is going, I'm almost tempted to send Ray, my darling father a text to check up on Kate, and curse inwardly that I didn't think to do so earlier.
"Miss Steele, as anyone offered you refreshments?" The blonde next to Grey's office, or rather assumedly Grey's office is smiling politely at me. "Oh, no, no one has however I'm fine thank you." I blush when the lovely blonde shoots daggers at the other blonde next to the elevators.

>"Mr. Grey, I understand you're busy, however there's a lovely lady here to interview you." Her voice sounds as if she's annoyed but I don't look at her to let her know I'm listening.
"Fine Andrea, send her in already." It was to the point at least. "Miss Steele, Mr. Grey will see you now." the lovely blonde opens the door to his office and ushers me in.

Following her movements, I take my time to gaze around his office, I notice some lovely choices of artwork but ultimately notice that there's no warmth to this office, after letting my eyes wander I walk towards Mr. Grey, extending my hand.

>"Mr. Grey, my name is Anastasia Steele." I smile politely, but not over bearing.
"Miss Steele, it's a pleasure." Again to the point, can't blame a working man I suppose.

>"I hope I am not interfering with your day too badly, and I apologize that Miss Kavanagh was unable to make it today." My eyes wander over this man, his suit is perfectly tailored to his body, broad shoulders, slim waist and long legs, but the biggest feature was this man's face, he had a perfectly sculptured jaw, a straight nose, hair that was copper and shaggy that looked like a perfect style of getting out of bed but these piercing eyes looked out at me.
"Oh, that's unfortunate, hope she is well?" his eyebrow raises some, almost in question.

>"She's currently under the weather although I do hope she recovers soon." I smile politely again, and notice we're still standing.
"please have a seat." he motions with his hands towards the seats next to us, a two black leather love seats. As we start to move towards the chairs he moved ever so slightly in front of me, and my eyes started to wander down the man's back to see what else looked like perfection, and in my wandering gaze I managed to trip over my own feet and I started to fall.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry Mr. Grey." He must have heard my gasp as this man managed to turn around just in time to catch me before I hit the ground, my hands were like vices around his forearms. Breathing just a little heavier I look up at his face

>"Please Miss Steele, be more careful." he let me go promptly and I realized he looked almost in pain when I grabbed him, never the less I sit down and start fumbling all my paperwork, and the recorder took me far too many tries than I'd like to set up.
"Oh... Mr. Grey,

would you mind being recorded?" I look down at my hands with embarrassment, I haven't nearly fallen in years and for this strong successful man to see it, makes me flush with embarrassment.

>"After you've taken so much trouble to set up the recorder, you ask me now?" there's a definite smile curling up at the corner of his mouth, although the long finger resting along those lips is hiding it some, I bite my lower lip and imagine all the things I could do with those lips... And I snap out of and sheepishly press record on the device. "but no Miss Steele, I don't mind."
"Mr. Grey, please feel free to call me Ana, did Miss Kavanagh explain why we're doing this interview today?" And please remind me to thank her when I get home... I almost add.

>"Is Ana short for something?" He questions innocently. "Yes Mr Grey, Anastasia."
"Would you mind me calling you Anastasia instead?" His mouth is curling up at the side, and those eyes are filled with what I assume is curiosity. "No please do Mr Grey." I smile, and I'm imagining his lips in my head again, his lips crushing mine, Again, I slap myself in my head. Wake up girl!

>"Miss Kavanagh explained this interview is going in the graduation issue of the student newspaper, as I shall be conferring the degrees at this year's graduation ceremony." Oh there's a definite smirk beginning to appear.
I flush with embarrassment, of course I should know that, I am graduating as well, and I mentally go through all the notices, and realise that apart from my work and daughter I didn't really care about much else. "Of course, I'm sure they made an announcement." I mutter to myself. Tucking a lock of hair behind my ear, I look up at this demigod of a man, "now, for the real questions Mr Grey." I smile, I almost want to wink however that'd be very... Unprofessional is the word I'll use.

>"Please, fire away Anastasia." He's smiling at me, and there's this boyish look in his eyes and I feel like laughing at this type of humour which I was not at all expecting from a CEO.<p>

Broadening my shoulders and preparing for the onslaught of questions I didn't want to ask I do as he asks and fire away.

>"You're very young to have amassed such an empire. To what do you owe your success?" I glance up at him. That boyish charm has slowly faded as I believe he realised the questions were going to be mundane. All I can do is smile a regretful smile and hope that look comes back.<p>

"Business is all about people, Anastasia, and I'm very good at judging people. I know how they tick, what makes them flourish, what doesn't, what inspires them, and how to incentivize them. I employ an exceptional team, and I reward them well." He pauses and fixes me with his grey stare. "My belief is to achieve success in any scheme one has to make oneself master of that scheme, know it inside and out, know every detail. I work hard, very hard to do that. I make decisions based on logic and facts. I have a natural gut instinct that can spot and nurture a good solid idea and good people. The bottom line is, it's always down to good people."

"Maybe you're just lucky." Although the question isn't on Kate's list, I couldn't help it coming out of my mouth, I smirk while looking down only to look up at a shocked face.

>"I don't subscribe to luck or chance, Anastasia. The harder I work the more luck I seem to have. It really is all about having the right people on your team and directing their energies accordingly. I think it was Harvey Firestone who said 'the growth and development of

people is the highest calling of leadership.'"
"You sound like a control freak." The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them.

"Oh, I exercise control in all things, Anastasia," That smirk has come back and the boyish look returns, and with a skip in my heart beat I smile back and I can feel the blush spread across my face and look away from those very grey eyes.

>It's unnerving to think how this man sets me off, even if this man wasn't a demigod, I believe his personality alone would make him... Charming, alluring and all together delicious, even jasmine's father didn't have this kind of effect on me. I watch as his finger traces those gorgeous lips again. I wish he'd stop doing that.
"Besides, immense power is acquired by assuring yourself in your secret reveries that you were born to control things," he continues, his voice soft but his eyes blaze.

>"Do you feel that you have immense power?" Control Freak.<p>

"I employ over forty thousand people, Anastasia. That gives me a certain sense of responsibility â€" power, if you will. If I were to decide I was no longer interested in the telecommunications business and sell up, twenty thousand people would struggle to make their mortgage payments after a month or so." My eyes go wide at this revelation, which didn't go unnoticed.

>"Don't you have a board to answer to?" I ask, disgusted.
"I own my company. I don't have to answer to a board." He raises an eyebrow at me.

>I flush. Of course, I would know this if I had done some research. But holy crap, he's so arrogant. I change my course of questions.
"And do you have any interests outside your work?"

>"I have varied interests, Anastasia." A ghost of a smile touches his lips. "Very varied." I raise an eyebrow at the tone of voice he used, the smile at the corner of his lips has a hidden meaning, one I don't understand.<p>

"But if you work so hard, what do you do to chill out?" Make single mums nervous and giddy?

>"Chill out?" He smiles, revealing perfect white teeth. I stop breathing. He is really distracting. No one should be this good-looking. "Well, to 'chill out' as you put it â€" I sail, I fly, I indulge in various physical pursuits." He shifts in his chair. "I'm a very wealthy man, Anastasia, and I have expensive and absorbing hobbies."
I glance quickly at Kate's questions, wanting to get off this subject. "You invest in manufacturing. Why, specifically?" I ask. I shift in my chair, no one should have this much money and be that distracting, I glance down at the recorder to keep away from those eyes.

>"I like to build things. I like to know how things work: what makes things tick, how to construct and deconstruct. And I have a love of ships. What can I say?"
"That sounds like your heart talking rather than logic and facts." His mouth quirks up, and he stares appraisingly at me.

>"Possibly. Though there are people who'd say I don't have a heart."<p>

"Why would they say that?" I look straight up into his eyes with searing eyes wondering what secrets this man has to hide, or why he would believe anything like that about himself.

>"Because they know me well." His lip curls in a wry smile.
"Would

your friends say you're easy to get to know?" And I regret the question as soon as I say it. It's not on Kate's list.

>"I'm a very private person, Anastasia. I go a long way to protect my privacy. I don't often give interviews," he trails off.
"Why did you agree to do this one?" Shut up Ana, Shut up. I groan again internally and imagine hitting myself in the forehead a couple of hundred times.

>"Because I'm a benefactor of the University, and for all intents and purposes, I couldn't get Miss Kavanagh off my back. She badgered and badgered my PR people, and I admire that kind of tenacity."
I know how tenacious Kate can be. That's why I'm sitting here squirming uncomfortably under his penetrating gaze, when I should be studying for my exams or being with my little princess.

"Tell me about it." I say under my breath. "You also invest in farming technologies. Why are you interested in this area?"

>"We can't eat money, Anastasia, and there are too many people on this planet who don't have enough to eat." Again looking into his eyes because I can't seem to stay away for long there's a haunting look.
"That sounds very philanthropic. Is it something you feel passionately about? Feeding the world's poor?" He shrugs, very non-committal. "It's shrewd business," he murmurs, though I think he's being disingenuous. It doesn't make sense â€" feeding the world's poor? I can't see the financial benefits of this, only the virtue of the ideal. I glance at the next question, confused by his attitude. I make a note on the paper about his attitude.

>"Do you have a philosophy? If so, what is it?"<p>

"I don't have a philosophy as such. Maybe a guiding principle â€" Carnegie's: 'A man who acquires the ability to take full possession of his own mind may take possession of anything else to which he is justly entitled.' I'm very singular, driven. I like control â€" of myself and those around me."

>"So you want to possess things?" I raise an eyebrow, and make a mental note of how controlling he is.
"I want to deserve to possess them, but yes, bottom line, I do."

"You sound like the ultimate consumer." I mummer, again flushing and looking at my paper and then looking up at him from under my lashes.

>"I am." He smiles, but the smile doesn't touch his eyes. Again this is at odds with someone who wants to feed the world, so I can't help thinking that we're talking about something else, but I'm absolutely mystified as to what it is. I swallow hard. The temperature in the room is rising or maybe it's just me. I just want this interview to be over. Surely Kate has enough material now? I glance at the next question.<p>

"You were adopted. How far do you think that's shaped the way you are?" Oh, this is personal. I stare at him, hoping he's not offended. His brow furrows. A lump comes to my throat and the motherly instinct in me wants to cuddle him and tell him it's going to be okay.

>"I have no way of knowing." My interest is piqued.<p>

"How old were you when you were adopted?"

>"That's a matter of public record." His tone is stern. I flush, and look at my notes, if only I'd done research or Kate had given me a background.
"You've had to sacrifice a family life for your work."

>"That's not a question." He's terse.
"Sorry." I squirm, and he's

made me feel like an errant child. I try again. "Have you had to sacrifice a family life for your work?"

>"I have a family. I have a brother and a sister and two loving parents. I'm not interested in extending my family beyond that." My heart aches for him, and think about what my life would be like without little Jasmine, and shake the thought away.<p>

"Are you gay, Mr. Grey?" Oh god, don't look at him Ana... Don't look. I can't help myself and peek up under my lashes and I know my face is bright red with embarrassment. He inhales sharply, and I cringe, mortified. Crap. Damn Kate and her curiosity!

>"No Anastasia, I'm not." He raises his eyebrows, a cool gleam in his eyes. He does not look pleased. I want to curl up and walk out of the room right now.
"I apologize. It's um... written here." He cocks his head to one side.

"These aren't your own questions?" The blood drains from my head. Oh no.

>"Err... no. Kate â€" Miss Kavanagh â€" she compiled the questions."
"Are you colleagues on the student paper?" Oh crap. I have nothing to do with the student paper. It's her extra-curricular activity, not mine. My face is aflame. Damn Kate.

>"No. She's my roommate." He rubs his chin in quiet deliberation, his grey eyes appraising me.
"Did you volunteer to do this interview?" he asks, his voice deadly quiet. Hang on, who's supposed to be interviewing whom? His eyes burn into me, and I'm compelled to answer with the truth.

"I was drafted. She's not well." I gaze down at hands and remember this morning.

>"That explains a great deal." There's a knock at the door, and Blonde Number Two enters.
"Mr. Grey, forgive me for interrupting, but your next meeting is in two minutes."

>"We're not finished here, Andrea. Please cancel my next meeting." Andrea hesitates, gaping at him. She's appears lost. He turns his head slowly to face her and raises his eyebrows. She flushes bright pink. Oh good. It's not just me.
"Very well, Mr. Grey," she mutters, then exits. He frowns, and turns his attention back to me.

>"Where were we, Miss Steele?" Oh, we're back to 'Miss Steele' now.
"Please don't let me keep you from anything."

"I want to know about you. I think that's only fair." His grey eyes are alight with curiosity. And I can't help but give away my shocked expression, his fingers and tracing his lips again.

>"There's not much to know," I shrug, and I do not want to let him know about my little princess.
"What are your plans after you graduate?" His eyes are warm and thoughtful.

>"I've got Kate to deal with." I chuckle at my little joke. "I hope I can go into publishing once I finish my degree, but other than that Mr Grey, I do not have any plans."
"We run an excellent internship program here," he says quietly. I raise my eyebrows in surprise. Is he offering me a job? I give a quick thought of looking at Mr grey every day...

"Oh. I'll bear that in mind," I murmur, completely confounded.

"Though I'm not sure I'd fit in here." Oh no. I'm musing out loud again.

>"Why do you say that?" He cocks his head to one side, intrigued, a hint of a smile playing on his lips.
"Isn't it obvious?"

>"Not to me," he murmurs. His gaze is intense, all humour gone, and strange muscles deep in my belly clench suddenly. I tear my eyes away from his scrutiny and stare blindly down at my knotted fingers. What's going on? I have to go â€" now. I lean forward to retrieve the recorder.
"Let's just say, I'm not full time material." I press stop on the recorder, and start to pack up my gear.

"Would you like me to show you around?" he asks. And he stands up and I watched him extend his hand.

>"unfortunately Mr Grey, I do have to leave now, I have to head back to my apartment. I take his hand to help me up, and I feel this jolt of electricity flow through my hands, and I look up into those grey eyes and all I want to do is push him back down into his chair.

"Thank you Mr Grey, it was a pleasure."
He looks upset, disappointed even. "No Anastasia it was all mine. At least let me walk you out?"

>"Of course." As we walked out his office, we pressed the elevator button and we both stood there waiting, I glimpsed around trying to avoid looking at him. The blondes look shocked.<p>

As I step inside, I take one last look into those eyes. "Ana," he breathed.

>"Christian." I nod, and watch his eyes go wide but a smile play on those gorgeous lips.<p>

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Two.

CPOV.

"Christian." Anastasia Steele whispered as the elevator doors closed, I couldn't hide the shock at her saying my name although, deep within me it made me smile. It almost makes me wish I could hear her say it again.

I turn around and notice the looks on both Andrea's face and Olivia's face. Turning around towards my office and I can feel a giant grin on my face. "Andrea, get Welch on the phone as soon as possible please, also can you please get me my lunch?" I smile at Andrea and think about dear miss Steele, how inquisitive you are.

>Taylor comes into my office with a smirk, I regard him with a raised eyebrow.<p>

"Hey Taylor?" I still feel the smile and I know that it makes me less intimidating.

>"Mr Grey, I'm just letting you know Miss Steele has left the building."
"Thank you Taylor, you can go now." I turn my attention towards my now ringing phone.

>"Grey." All business now, thank god.
"Mr Grey, Welch here, you requested me?"

>My eyes grow with excitement. "Ah yes Welch, I'm after a background check on dear Anastasia Steele, I want everything you can get on her."
"Yes sir, anything else?"

>"No thank you Welch, just get it to me as soon as possible." I hang up the phone.
I turn my attention towards my work now, the countless emails and meetings awaiting me for the rest of the day, and diligent as ever Andrea brings me in a chicken Caesar salad, and a mineral water. She is the best PA a man could ask for, because I

only hire the best. Starting my lunch, I receive an email from Welch.

To: Christian Grey
>From: Alan Welch
Subject: Anastasia Steele.

****Mr Grey****
>Here's everything currently on Anastasia Steele.

****Yours,****

****Welch.****

I downloaded the file attached to the email, and began to invest my time in studying the one woman who confuses me.

****Anastasia Steele.****
>Date of Birth September 10th 1989, Montesano WA.

>Address 1114 SW Green Street, Apartment 7, Seattle, WA, 98101

>Mobile Number 360-555-4352

>Social Security Number 333-55-4333

>Banking Details Wells Fargo Bank, Seattle, WA, 98101

>Account # 309361 \$ 683.18 Balance.

>Occupation Under graduation Student, SU, Seattle College of Liberal Arts

>GPA 4.0

>Prior Education Montesano Jr " Sr High School

>SAT Score 2150

>Employment Kavanagh MediaNews Seattle Branch**

>Father Franklin A. Lambert.

>D.O.B: September 1, 1969

>D.O.D: September 11, 1989.

>Mother Carla May Wilks Adams

>D.O.B: July 18, 1970

>Marriages: Franklin A. Lambert:

>March 1, 1989 - September 11, 1989.

>Raymond Steele:

>June 6, 1990 " July 12, 2006.

>Stephen M. Morton

>August 16, 2006 " January 31, 2007.

>Robbin Adams

>April 6, 2009 " Present.

>Children Jasmine Steele

>D.O.B April 12, 2010.

>Mother: Anastasia Steele

>Father: Unknown.

>Political Afflictions Not known at present

>Religious Afflictions Not known at present

>Sexual Orientation Straight
>Relationship None indicated at present.

I stared at the file, shocked at my discovery. This woman who is so bewitching and I can't seem to get off my mind has a daughter, she isn't even four years old. My head is spinning, the image of a young boy with copper hair staring at his mother. I clasp my head between my hands Anastasia you cannot be like her, no I refuse to admit it.

I buzz my phone, "Andrea, call Dr Flynn now, get him to me now!" I yell into the receiver, "Yes sir!" Andrea, is used to my mood swings.

>My phone rings, answering it promptly. "Grey."
"Christian, what's happened?" John Flynn, is always available for me, I really can't fault the man.

>"Flynn, I met a woman."
"That's great news Christian, what's wrong?"

>"She has a child Flynn."
"Oh..."

>"A young child, less than four."
"Oohh..." I can't speak any further. " Christian, you've met lots of women, who I'm sure had children. What's so special about this woman?"

>"John, she's different. There's just something about this woman." I think back to Anastasia, long brown hair with that flick, her casual outfit to a very serious interview, and how the blue in her outfit made her pale skin glow... "I could barely restrain myself from kissing this woman, who I didn't cringe when she touched my arm."
"That's huge Christian. This woman, she has a child so obviously your... Hobbies aren't something this woman is going to be partial to. She will also always put her child first, meaning your control over this woman will be non-existent." He's always on point, which is why he's so well paid. "Have you thought about trying to ask her on a date? Meeting her child? Having a relationship that isn't based on sex?"

>I'm gobsmacked. Could I Christian Grey, the owner of a playroom, who uses woman for his own sexual need date a woman and become that man who cares?
I shake my head. "John... I don't think I could be that man."

>"Take her on a date Christian, if there's chemistry your body is telling you, you need more than just a contract. I have to go Christian, go find this woman and ask her."
"Good bye John." I hang up the phone, and pace my office unsure of the next decision I should make.

"Andrea, can you please call around for the best flower company and let me know the results tomorrow? I'm heading out and won't be back for the rest of the day."

>"Yes sir, anything else I can do for you?"
"Get Taylor to get the car."

>"Yes sir, good luck with your venture."
I chuckle to myself, Andrea is the only PA I've had, that guessed what I was doing, and only wished me luck, but is also the only woman in my life currently that is allowed to get snippy with me, because my PA needs to be pushy. She's worth her weight in gold.

>I start heading down the escalator, knowing Taylor will be waiting for me outside my buildings doors, a pushy blonde in the elevator turns to me.
"Mr Grey, I hope your day is faring well." her eyes are glazing over, he's trying to be seductive.

>Oh dear, it's just a pretty face. "Yes, it's fine." I'm always to the point with my staff, never miss business and pleasure.
"Oh."

That's good." she goes back to ignoring me, and I her. It's better this way.

>I walk out the doors towards my Audi SUV, Taylor starts driving.
"Where to Mr Grey?"
"Please head towards Green Street."
>"Yes sir."<p>

All I can hope, is that I run into Anastasia.

****APOV.****

My breathing is starting to slow after that interview with him, Taylor is escorting me out the building with a slight smirk at the corner of his lips. "Thank you Mr Taylor, I appreciate walking me out." My mother always taught me to be polite after all.

>"No, thank you Miss Steele, you've allowed to have a rather entertaining afternoon." Oh there's a definite smirk there, I just smile and look down at my shoes and desperately try not to think of those eyes, or those lips.
The elevator comes to a halt, "have a lovely day" the blonde behind reception states, I smile and nod in reply, "Get home safely Miss Steele." Taylors gruff voice is ringing with authority.

>"Yes sir." I smile and start my long walk home.<p>

I hear a scream of delight as I start unlocking my front door to my apartment. "Mumma! Mumma! Mumma!" Jasmine's high little voice screams out, I couldn't imagine my life without this little piece of sunshine, and knowing this little girl loves me more than anything and missed me makes me the proudest Mumma in the world.

>Pushing the door open I open my arms wide I wait for my little girl to jump open, and as I lower myself down to her level I feel the warmth of her body touch mine. I push my nose into her hair and smile as she starts pushing herself out of my arms and runs around telling me all about her day with auntie Kate. I can't stop myself from smiling, setting my coat on the hanger by my front door I start preparing dinner.<p>

"Ana Banana!" Kate appears and looks remarkably better. "I'm taking you and my gorgeous little princess out to dinner tonight. The three of us!" she smiles brightly and grabs my jacket from the hook.

>"Kate, you were sick less than 4 hours ago, what happened?" I raise my eyebrow at her in disbelief.
"Must of been a 12-hour bug or something, I'm still not 100% but I feel a lot better. I ate the soup in your fridge with Jasmine." she shrugs as if that explains everything.

>"Oh, well too bad you couldn't interview Mr Grey." I throw my hands up in defeat.
"Mr Grewy?" Jasmine says in confusion. "Grewy, grewy? Like the colwar?"

>"Yes my princess, Grey like the colour." I pat her head and kiss her forehead. "Fine Kate, let's go out to dinner, we'll walk to the Italian place down the street."
"Can I have a cookie Mumma?" her eyes go wide, and her bottom lip pops out. I bite my bottom lip and look at Kate who is also pulling the same look as I am.

>"Only if Kate says you've been an extra good girl today." I say and she turns her pouting gaze towards Kate.
"Puhweaze auntie Kate?!"

>She caves quickly. "Oh my princess has been extra good today, what kind of cookie are we going to get?" and now my princess is heading towards her room to get dressed for the occasion and I groan internally. Please don't pick the princess outfits.<p>

As we're heading out the door we managed to convince Jasmine to dress in jeans and pink polka dot shirt with a blue jacket very similar to my own. She holds my hand as we walk down the street towards the little café 5 minutes away from our apartment block. We open the door and realise it's still quite busy. She runs towards the counter where all the cookies and cakes are located.

"auntie Kate! Coowkies!" we both chuckle and the waitress behind the counter is struggling to hide her laughter. I walk to the counter and we start trying to figure which cookie she would like.

>"Miss Steele." I jolt and stand straight turning towards the deep velvet voice. "It's unexpected to see you here." there's a smile pushing at the corner of those delicious lips.
"Uh..." I'm stunned that he's even here. "Mr Grey..." I look into those grey eyes.

>"Grewy! Like the colwar?" Jasmine of course takes the time to stop looking at her cookies and walks towards the demigod man in front of me. "Mumma was tawlkin about colwars earwier." She can't keep secrets or opinions to herself at all. "Auntie Kate sawid Mumma would wike her interview." I glare at Kate.
"Miss Kavanagh?" His eyes go straight to the gorgeous blonde beside me. "You're looking... Much better."

>"Mr Grey, I'm sorry for being indisposed, I was rather unwell this morning." She says politely.
"Come Princess, let's get a cookie before they close." Jasmine being reminded of her cookie gets all excited and immediately goes back to her choices.

>"Anastasia, I..." his eyes bore into mine. "I was wondering if you're busy this evening." He looks towards his feet.
"Mumma! I piwcked a coowkie!" she grabs my hand and although my shocked facial expression doesn't even register to her, I get my purse out of my bag and the waitress is staring at Christian.

>"That'll be two dollars." she whispers out.
"I'll take care of that." Christian hands the waitress the money "Keep the change." he pops his hand up and goes back to looking at me, then down to Jasmine. "Anastasia?"

>"Oh, um... I'm afraid I have dinner plans with these two lovely ladies..." I look at my little girl who's now got cookie all over her face, then back up to Christian who looks disappointed.
"Of course, I should have realised. I'm sorry for the intrusion."

>"Mr Grey!" Kate chimes in. "Would you like to join us?" her eyes go to mine and I catch her winking.
"Please call me Christian Kate." Christian face perks right up in seconds "and I would love it, if it's not too much trouble to Anastasia, or the young princess here?" He smiles a bright wolfish grin at my little girl.

>"Mumma, can coowkie man come puhwease?" Her eyes go back to that pouty look and my insides churn although I don't let my little girl see it.
"Of course princess." everyone's faces light up, and I groan and roll my eyes I've been defeated by a 3-year-old, my best friend and a man I only met today. "How does Italian sound Christian?"

>"I know the perfect place ladies, Taylor has the car around the corner, he can drive us all there." He has this shocking smile on his face and looks giddy as if his dream came true.
"Oh, we have a car around the corner, Jasmine has to have a car seat."

>"Oh of course, I forgot children need those..." that sad look has come back on his perfect face.
"There's an Italian place around the corner we're going to, you're welcome to join us." I put my hand on his arm for reassurance. He stares down at me. "Come Christian, Jasmine will talk your ear off if you let her." Kate leads towards

the Italian place around the corner, Jasmine has given Christian the order to hold her while we all walk, and I can't help but laugh as this business man is under the thumb of a three-year-old he just met.

"Mr coowkie man, Mumma keeps looking at yew." I stare in shock at my little girl, and then blush bright red.

"Oh she does, does she?" he smiles at Jasmine and she beams back.
"Yep! she wikes yew." she then starts talking his ear off about her day with Auntie Kate. He keeps glancing up at me with warm eyes and a knowing smile, and I can't help but imagine what it would be like to wake up next to him every morning.

"Table for three adults and one child please" Kate was always an amazing friend, she's been watching the interaction between Christian and Jasmine this whole time as have I. Walking towards the table I notice Christian doesn't understand the concept of a high chair and I let out a soft chuckle.
"Here Christian" I hold out my hand for Jasmine, and he complies by passing her to me.

"I pop her into the chair and sit next to her at the circular table."
"Mumma, can Coowkie man sit on my other side?" I smile at my gorgeous little girl.

"Of course sweetie, and you can ask Mr Grey what he would like to be called okay?"
"Mr Grewy, what should I call yew?" That pout has come back.

"You can call me Christian princess."
"Chiwstin?"

"Chris-tian"
"Christian." she forms the words slowly but precisely. "Christian, Christian, Christian."

"I smile and mouth "sorry" at him and Kate and I begin to chuckle at Jasmine and start going into the conversation of plans for the weekend and what happened during the day.
"So how was the interview Ana Banana?" Her eyes have a dark twisted humour brewing in them.

"Oh Kate, it was... Challenging to say the least. Some of those questions!" we laugh and turn to look at Christian who's currently listening to Jasmine. "The gay question? Seriously?"
"Oh I forgot about that one" she chuckles "I've never seen him in any photos with a woman, no dates, no dinners with single mums..." she waggles her eyebrows in my direction then looks to Christian and back at me. "I was curious."

"He didn't even ask if I was single, nor was he shocked about Jasmine..." I mummer to Kate.
"Huh, that's odd. Although Jasmine is obsessed with him..."

"We both look at Jasmine who's trying to best not to laugh at Christian as he's sticking his tongue out at her, and as soon as he noticed we were watching he looks away and stops pulling faces.
"Having fun there Christian?" we both chuckle.

"I never knew children could be so entertaining." he laughs and resumes his entertainments with Jasmine.
After we all had dinner we could tell Jasmine was beginning to become tired, as Christian went off to the restroom Kate and I finally had some time to ourselves.

"Well, he's something." Kate looks at me with curiosity plastered on her face.
"I wasn't expecting him to come to dinner."

"well, he was staring at you in the caf  , and he was starting to watch you at dinner until little miss bossy demanded his attention." she laughs at Jasmine who's very intently colouring.
"She really took a shining to him." I agree. "I think he liked her too."

"That man was enthralled by her, I've never seen someone cave to her so quickly."
I snorted. "Unlike you. Those pouty lips and big eyes

come out and you cave instantly." we both laugh at the memories.

>"Remember he first word?"
My eyes glaze over and start to brim with unshed tears. "Mum, I remember." a soft chuckle escapes my lips. "I couldn't be more grateful for my life. I've got a loving father, a harebrained mother, the best sister in the world. And my little girl who I haven't ever had to share."

>"Never?" Christian has returned. His face looks upset. "But her..." and mouths father at me "what happened?"
I start to tear up, and shake my head, and go to grab Jasmine. "I uh, I have to go. Thank you Christian."

>His eyes go wide. "Ana..."
"No, we have to go. How much do we owe you?"

>"Nothing, nothing at all." With those words I grab Jasmine and practically run out the doors towards my apartment.<p>

CPOV.

"Ana!" I watch her leave, practically all but running holding the child who has no idea what's going on. "Ana..." I whisper to myself.

>"Christian." Kate's there, with a solemn look on her face. "She's had a very hard life; you have to understand that little girl is everything to her."
"Of course I never dreamt of coming between them." I meant it, leaving that cafe Jasmine demanded I carry her, and I couldn't help but oblige, she wouldn't stop talking about her day and I was happy because her day was important to me, and I didn't understand that.

>"Of course, of course. Sit Christian and I'll tell you part of the story." I do as I'm told, "you have to understand Ana was 17 when she fell pregnant with Jasmine, and although we love that girl to bits the way she was conceived was tragic." Her eyes are glazing over. "We had gone out that afternoon, I convinced her to go to the local club to do some dancing..."<p>

I sit here watching this woman tell her best friends story.

"see at that age I was rebelling against my father, all I wanted to do was get drunk and have sex it seemed appropriate, however Ana, my dear Ana refused to let me go to any club alone. She was protective even then." she looks at her hands when she's talking. "It was past 1 am on a Saturday, this man was all over me, touching me in places and I was too drunk to even care, Ana interfered and told him to stop."

>she was talking quieter. "he didn't want any of it, told her to butt out, I was on the verge of passing out, Ana told me what happened next. He picked me up and took me to his van around the corner, Ana was screaming bloody murder and he put her in the van too..." she looks up at me, and the tears were there. "Ana was a virgin until that night..."<p>

I gasped, I couldn't speak. "we found out 4 weeks later she was expecting, Ray her father helped her all the way through school, even though she was pregnant she never stopped trying. Everyone at school made fun of Ana, and she never let up how Jasmine came into existence."

>"I stood by her every second of the way, telling people to fuck off when he snickered, held her while she cried, baby sat while she had her exams in college, helped Ana teach Jasmine how to walk, how to

talk, and swore that I would make it up to her any way I could." She's crying so heavily now. "She forgave me straight away, and said it wasn't my fault and that she loved me and the little blip inside her." No man has ever been interested in her, for her, or taken care of that little girl the way you did tonight. She's never come to grips with what happened. I'm sorry Christian, I need to go. Don't tell her I said anything." She got up and left the building.<p>

All I could do was follow her with my eyes as she left, everything inside my head was twisting and spiralling out of control.

* * *

><p>I know it's a twisted chapter for Ana, but it will get brighter. :)

3. Chapter 3

CPOV

I'm shaking with anger as I get in the car. " take me to Escala now Taylor." I snap at him, and call Welch "Welch, I need to know who the father of Jasmine Steele is."
>"right away Sir, I'll do my best."
"Not your best Welch, just do it." I hang up the phone.

I head into my penthouse and immediately head towards the liquor cabinet and get out the whiskey.
>"Mr. Grey, would you like something to eat?" Mrs. Jones, the only woman to know my secrets and still care about my wellbeing.
"No Mrs. Jones, I had dinner already." I continue drinking while she prepares a cheese and crackers to go with my whiskey.
>"Oh, you did sir?" her eyes are curious. "There was nothing in your schedule about it."
"It was an impromptu dinner with two and a half young ladies."
>"And a half sir?"
"Yes, a child Mrs. Jones."
>"Oh, very unexpected sir."
"Very." My tone is short; I can feel the anger beginning to bubble beneath the surface.
>"Did it go well?" She's cautious.
"It's undecided."
>"Would you like to explain?"
"Anastasia ran out of the buildingâ€| Ran away from me." I put my face in my hands
>"What happened?"
"I questioned about the child's father, I didn't knowâ€| I didn't know how she was conceived." My voice cracks.

>"Ohâ€| Mr. Grey would you like some advice?"
"Please Gail."

>"Go to her, go to the mother and kiss her."
"Kiss her? She doesn't even know my type of lifestyle Gail."
>"Sir, you haven't participated in that lifestyle in a long time, you've been waiting for this woman for a long time. Call Rd. Flynn and see what his opinion is."
"I will, thank you Gail."

I did as she suggested and called John.
>"Christian, what an unexpected call."
I told John the story of what happened at dinner, and the after story Kate told me.
>"I don't know how to fix this John."
"Do as Gail suggested, go over there and explain your intentions, yes maybe kiss her if she'd like. Whatever you do Christian, save the conversation of the red room for later. Let her know the new you."

>"Thank you John, good bye."<p>

I call Taylor "Taylor, get the car ready to head for Anastasia's place as soon as possible."

>"yes sir" there's a sound of humour attached to his voice.
I hang up the phone and start heading down to the parking lot, I pace in the elevator, I'm a nervous wreck. The minute Taylor comes into view I jump into the car "Can you stop a florist before we go to Ana's house?"

>"Yes sir." He's smiling as he's driving.
I stop at a little boutique florist that's about to close, I jump out the car and knock on the door, the little old lady smiles politely and comes to the door.

>"Sweet heart, I'm just closing can you come back tomorrow?" she's oblivious to who I am, and for some reason that infuriates me at a time like this.
"You don't understand Ms, I'm about to go see a woman I'm infatuated with. Please, I'll pay triple whatever the price." I can hear it in my own voice how desperate I am.

>"Alright sir, please don't worry, you can pick whatever you like, at normal prices. "I go for the tradition dozen red roses; my hands are shaking as I pay for the bouquet. "Sir, have a good time tonight, and also... Good luck with the lucky lady." Her smile is bright and wide.<p>

With the roses in my hand I start heading towards the car where Taylor is waiting, nervously I whisper "to Ana's apartment. Please." without a word, he starts the car and we drive until I see Green Street around the corner, I feel as though I can't keep my hands still, and I'm looking everywhere but at her apartment building.

Please let her be the one to answer the door.

** APOV**

All I remember is picking up Jasmine and running out the door of that Italian place, the tears were streaming down my face as I remembered the van... Shaking my head I refuse to think about that night where my whole life was turned upside down.

I set Jasmine down once I got through the door, it took me a couple of tries to unlock it, I'm trying my hardest to keep the tears in and hide this fear, regret and shame from my daughter. "get ready for bed Jasmine." I try to say as lovingly as I can.

>"Yes mumma." she trots off to her bedroom to pick out her pyjamas, and I'm thankful she's decided not to be fussy tonight, although it's too early to tell.
"Thank you darling." I mutter under my breath, all I want to do is curl into my blankets and cry myself to sleep.

Jasmine was fairly easy to get to sleep, a quick story she was deeply breathing and clutching her teddy bear. I kissed her forehead and trudged over to my own bed in the room over, and fell into the covers and started to cry myself to sleep although I was never given the chance.

>Kate came through the door once I got into bed, she called out my name softly.
"Kate I'm in bed." I sniffled. "Come in."

>"Oh honey..." she immediately came into my room and peeled off her jacket and crawled into the bed beside me and cuddled me. "It's okay, it's okay." she cooed.
"Kate I feel awful running out on

Christian. I just, I just couldn't..." I looked up at her and the pained look on her face was torture to my soul. I know I shouldn't be crying. "I couldn't keep it in any longer..."

>"I know Ana banana, it's not your fault. I'm sorry Ana..."
"Stop Kate. It's not your fault." I silently sob into her shoulder. She keeps patting my hair. I start to fall into a deep slumber, that is until I feel her shift from under me and leave the room.

"Oh it's you." I can just barely make out the voices outside my bedroom. She doesn't sound angry but she doesn't sound happy either.

>"Yes, I was looking for Anastasia." That deep voice sounded familiar.
"Look, she's sleeping right now." She's very to the point at this stage, why doesn't she let whoever it is in?

>"Can I please just put these in her room?"
"Of course..." I hear the creek as the front door opens all the way.

>Heavy footsteps can be heard in my little apartment, and I hide into my pillows as the light comes into my bedroom.<p>

"Oh Anastasia..." I breathe deeply, that deep silky voice sends tremors throughout my body. "You look so peaceful."

>"Christian?" I mumble into my pillow.
"Oh... Did I wake you?" Hah, a slight tremor runs through his voice, was he worried about dear Kate?

>"Just a little, you get used to it with a daughter running around." I still mumble into my pillow. He placed something on my night stand, and I felt the weight on my bed as he sat down.
I turn my head to look at the demigod of a man. His face all of a sudden took on a pained look. "Have you been crying?" his hand reaches out to trace my cheekbones, then all of a sudden I felt him get off my bed and I watched as he stripped off his clothing. I hide back into my pillows and clench my fists in the blankets.

>I felt him lie next to me in my bed and all I wanted to do was cuddle into this man who I only just met, and almost as if he read my mind he pulls me in for an embrace, my head resting on his chest and all I could do in that moment was cry.
He runs his fingers down my back, and whispers "it's okay, it's okay... I'm here now." and I fell asleep listening to this glorious man soothe me.

"Is she asleep?" Kate, oh glorious Kate...

>"Yes, she cried herself to sleep." the angels voice was soft and yet it cracked with emotion.
Kate walks into the room. "She's had an emotional life, please Christian, just... Just look after her. If you do anything to make her cry the way... the way, he did... I'll come after you. I swear to god himself." I knew Kate's face would be frightening, she cared for me more than anyone else I knew. "And that little girl, if you stick around and she falls in love with you, and you leave... I'll... I'll..." her voice was fuming with emotion.

>"I know Kate, thank you. I'll be good for them, you'll see." I felt his lips on my forehead and the slight pressure as he pulls me closer.
"Good, those two are my girls." I heard her footsteps as she leaves the room and closes the door behind her.

>"Hopefully they'll be my girls soon." he whispers to himself.<p>

The morning sun streaks in through my window, and I shift and realise how very warm it is in my bed, I go to turn around in my bed and stop when there's a leg entwined between mine. I open my eyes to see this copper haired man in my bed.

>Tracing a finger along his cheekbone and give him a kiss on the cheek and realise he looks so... peaceful in his sleep.
The minute my lips make contact his eyes open, and he smiles. "Anastasia, I'm sorry I slept over."

>"Oh please, I'm sorry for crying on you last night." I look at my hands, and then I feel his hand on my cheek forcing me to look at him.
"Ana, my dear Ana... That was the best night in my life, even with you crying." His eyes are bright for a morning. "I fell asleep to a woman for the first time in my life, and that's all I did." He's starting to stare at my lips.

>"Oh!" I keep darting my eyes between looking at his lips, chest and eyes... "Christian... I want to..."
"Yes Ana?"

>"I want to... Kiss you..." and I could feel the blush raising in my cheeks, and all I wanted to do was stare at my hands and pretend that I didn't say what I just did.
"I want you to as well." He pulls me closer and kisses my jaw line, and traces his lips along my jaw until his lips are close to my own, looking into my eyes I can feel him asking for my approval and I want to scream yes at the top of my lungs.

>Christian kisses my lips softly at first, testing the waters I couldn't help myself I leant into the kiss more, and I pressed harder into his body and let my hands wander up his arms feeling the lean muscle beneath them. He rolled me onto my back and he was in-between my legs, I wrapped them around my waist and kissed him harder, hotter, heavier. My breathing had gotten heavier I was barely able to think straight until he asked.<p>

"Ana, haven't you got a daughter about to wake up?" Everything in my body stopped, and opened my eyes and looked at the man on top of me, his eyes have darkened with what I believe to be lust, but his lips have parted his breathing heavy.

>"Quickly, put on a shirt." I hear the little pitter patter of tiny feet which signalled Jasmine's arrival but also Kate saying loudly "No hunny, Mumma's going to need some rest."
"But mumma!" Jasmine was always determined to get her own way.

>"No Jass, no!" Kates voice is getting louder which means she's getting closer, Christian has put on a shirt and pants thank god.
Jasmine has opened the door without knocking, which every mother knows her children are going to do without a second thought sometimes. "Mumma!" she jumps on the bed between Christian and I, and cuddles in to me telling me all about her dream she had that night, and I run my hands through her tangle of hair and smile lovingly down at her.

All of a sudden Jasmine looks at Christian with eyes, and looks back at me. "Mumma, what's Coowkie man dewing here?"

>"Honey, Christian was here for Mumma." Saying it matter of fact I'm hoping she drops the subject.
"Yes Jasmine, I was here for Mumma last night, I hope that's okay?" His eyes are big with uncertainty, and pushes his bottom lip out at Jasmine. "Is it princess?"

>"Of course Mr Grewy." She nods then runs off out of the room and I can hear her telling Kate Christian's in my room.
"Feel like breakfast?" I turn to Christian and he's got a look of satisfaction on his face.

>"Naturally dear." He gives me a quick kiss on the cheek and stands up, "Fancy a shower first?" His whole body is telling me he's in a playful mood, and I can't help but feel the infectious atmosphere.
"Well Mr. Grey, I don't think that's a good idea. Maybe another time?" I give him a wink and then proceed to the bathroom and have a shower by myself. I could tell he was

disappointed, but I haven't even been a date with this man, I cannot let him see me naked just yet, because If I see him naked I doubt I would be able to control myself.

>There's a knock on the door and Christian pops his head in the door, "Oh Ana, I'm afraid I have to insist." He's laughing on the other side of the door.
"Fine Christian, come in. Have a shower." I'm smiling from ear to ear, and I hear the door open and he locks it behind him, he whistles in appreciation at what I assume is me.

>"Oh baby" he growls and opens the door. "you... You look fantastic."
I blush and go back under the water. "Mr. Grey you need to hurry." I'm watching him take his clothes off, and I feel like drooling.

>He gets in the shower with me, and immediately he's kissing me and I can't help but kiss back.<p>

One arm is wrapped around my waist and the other hand is on my face pulling me closer to him. Holy crap is this man needy, but for some reason I just can't stop myself kissing him.

"Ana, Ana... I need..." his voice is husky with desire. "I need you baby."

>"Christian, I haven't... I haven't done that in a long time..." there are tears at the corner of my eyes.
"Let me make it up to you." his fingers from my face have travelled down my waist and gone straight to my sex.

>My eyes open wide and I push against him. "No, Christian, not like this." I turn off the water and look at him. "I want to imagine I'm still a virgin so I can think of the next time I have sex as something special."
He unravels himself from me and sighs, his erection is very noticeable, and I feel the need to touch it.

"Baby... I would never want to hurt you, you're special to me. I swear to never force you to do anything you don't want to do."

>"Christian we haven't even been on a date yet. Maybe after the traditional 3 first dates we can talk" I laugh and imagine this man taking me to dinner, and patiently waiting.
"Tomorrow? Let's go to dinner." He's smiling now, and goes back to kissing my neck.

>I push him against him and step off the shower and wrap myself in a towel. "I have Jasmine tomorrow, but if you'd like how about Jasmine and I come over tonight?"
"Agreed!" I kiss him hard on the lips and I feel his tongue exploring my mouth, and imagine what his tongue can do elsewhere...

>"Now let me take care of you Grey." I start kissing down his chest, stomach and I reach his manhood, and start showing it a lot of attention. I hear a guttural groan escape this man's lips and his hands go straight into my hair, gripping and pushing himself into me more.
"Fuck Ana, fuck, fuck, fuck" he's thrusting into my mouth more. "I'm going to cum soon baby"

>He's eased up on my head as a signal that I have an option of where he finishes. I don't stop, keeping my hands on his keeps I push myself closer to him, and suck harder. His knees begin to buckle and the grip tightens once more this man is getting closer, and closer and closer until his he lets go of my hair and has to hold onto the walls for support.
"God damn it Ana, that was... Unbelievable." he whispers, with a smile on my face I go to brush my teeth and get ready for the day.

>"I'm glad you liked it." I get dressed after smirking at the demigod of a man in my shower who has gone totally blank.<p>

I exit my bedroom and snatch my little Jasmine in my arms, and give her a big kiss.

>"So my sweet, Auntie Kate make you breakfast?" I shower her with kisses.
"Yep Mumma, we had porridge."

>"You mean porridge."
"That's what I said Mumma." her little face has screwed up in confusion.

>"What should we do today?" I have a cup of coffee in my hands.
"Pawrk!" She gets all excited.

>"Park sweetheart, Park." I kiss her cheeks.
"Paaaaaaark."

>"Good job baby!" I clap my hands to show her she's done a good job.
"Okay Ana banana, I have to go to work now." Kate chimes in and kisses my cheek then Jasmine's cheek and runs out the door before gawking at the man by my bedroom door. "Bye Ana."

>I turn to look at Christian who's just in a towel around his waist and my jaw must have hit the ground because he has this smirk on his face. "Oh hello... Want some breakfast?"
I blush bright red when I notice I'm tracing his defined abs and V with my eyes. "I'm actually about to head out to work, I thought I'd give you one last peak and see if you're interested in having lunch with me today." he gives me a wink.

>"Can I come too?" jasmines too focussed on her porridge to turn around but she doesn't want to be excluded.
"Of course if your Mumma says yes." He's smiling, and wants to spend time with my daughter...

>"Let me know what time Grey."
"Always Ms Steele." He disappears into my bedroom and I focus on my little one so I don't follow him.

"would you like to go see Christian for lunch?" I lean over the counter to whisper to my little girl.

>"Of course Mumma." She beams, I grab her out of her highchair. "I'm going to go get dressed now." she runs off to her bedroom just as Christian comes out of mine.
"So dear, thank you for the lovely evening. I'll see you for lunch." He kisses my lips and then the rest of my face and left for the day, and I couldn't help but have the biggest smile on my face.

****Could my life really be this good?****

* * *

><p>Okay so I know they didn't have sex in this Chapter, but I really wanted Ana sticking to her guns about at least going on three dates.

>Grey got a happy ending to a degree though. :)

4. Chapter 4

Chapter Four.

CPOV

Waking up this morning was the best experience of my 26 years. For once I didn't just have sex with a woman and leave her, or her leave me. I went over to her house, put the flowers on the night stand and held Ana while she cried herself to sleep while resting on my chest.

>Looking back at how it felt there was no pain or fear as I held this

woman against me because it felt just right, tracing my fingers along her back and watching her sleep.
"Christian... Don't go..." it was little more than a murmur but I stared at the woman in my arms.
>"I won't baby. You have me now." I whispered back knowing that she can't hear me.
I untangled myself from her, I had to check to make sure everyone in the house was okay, exiting her room I went to check on Jasmine, who was cuddled up with a teddy passed out, Kate was asleep on the couch, I tapped her on the arm to wake her.
>"Kate, you need to go to bed."
She grumbled in response but obliged and got up and went into her room, at least she wouldn't have a sore back in the morning. Double checking all the locks I went back to Anastasia, and lied down the pulled her into me and promptly fell asleep.

In my dream I was watching an exchange of a woman with long brown wavy hair, a slim figure with a small child with matching curls, the child who I now know as Jasmine was running around excitedly with the biggest smile on her face. In the dream I'm walking towards the woman and I wrap my arms around her waist only to find it wasn't as slim as I imagined because she was pregnant with what I could only assume was my child. Kissing her neck, I rub her belly and look at this gorgeous woman. I awake with a jolt knowing someone's touching my face.

I open my eyes to notice Ana is kissing my cheek, I smile remembering the passionate kissing, and the aftermath in the shower, I chuckle when I notice my reflection in the car, "Mr. Grey" Taylor is smiling too. "Shall we head to the office?"
>"Of course Taylor, I do have a lot of work. Excuse me while I make a call." I'm still smiling, and I feel the happiness bubbling throughout me. I call Andrea, "Andrea, it's Grey."
"Mr. Grey, how can I help you?"
>"I'm having lunch today with Miss Steele and her daughter, please buy some children's toys for this afternoon, I'd like lunch around 1PM if that's possible. Also can you bring me lunch to my office I'm roughly 5 minutes away. I'd like coffee too, Black."
"Of course Mr. Grey, anything else?"
>"No Andrea." I hang up the phone and call Welch.
"Mr. Grey?"

>"Welch, any information?"
"Yes sir, but I request to give it to you in person, sir... It's not good."
>"I'm in the office in 5 minutes, I'll meet you in 10 minutes, let Andrea know."
"Yes sir, see you then."
>My morning has just gone from ecstatically happy to defensive, would I really like to know what Welch has to say?<p>

I entered the building and the blonde at reception is giving me eyes again, I sigh inwards and roll my eyes although she can't see it from this distance. "Good morning Mr. Grey" she's starting to move out from behind her desk, I quicken my pace and nod my head in general direction. Taylor has already got the elevator ready for me and I nearly race there to get away from the blonde that's starting to follow me.
>"remind me to tell Andrea to put her in a different role... Or at least make sure she's busy when I'm due to arrive" I mutter to Taylor, as I'm shaking my head.
Taylor chuckles "yes sir, she was rather... Persistent."
>"that's one work for it."
"Good Morning Mr. Grey." Olivia and Andrea both say at the same time.
>"Morning ladies, Andrea is Welch in my office?"
"Yes sir, he's waiting for you."

>"Good, bring my coffee in whenever you're ready."
I enter my office and see Welch, he's a bigger man but more in the sense of bulky than weight. I nod in his direction. "Welch, what do you have for me?"

>"Mr. Grey, as I said on the phone it's not good."
"I don't care, tell me."

>"Okay sir." His eyes look at the window, obviously he's uncomfortable, but I don't pay him not to tell me what I want. "Sir, Miss Steele has had a hard couple of years, she was 18 at the time of the conception of young Jasmine..."
"continue."

>"Miss Kavanagh and Miss Steele were on a night in the town, miss Kavanagh was determined to rebel against her father in the way of sex, drugs and alcohol, but Miss Steele was the responsible one, never touching any of that so her friend always had someone looking after her." He looks at his hands and moves to the other foot, I gesture towards the chairs in front of me, and he obliges and sits down. " It was past midnight on this night, Miss Kavanagh can be seen leaving the Trendy club on a gentleman's shoulders, although through the surveillance she looks more passed out then awake. At this point we can see the man walking towards a van in the alley, opening it and putting miss Kavanagh inside, Miss Steele can be seen as well chasing this man and her posture looks very angry."
"Continue..."

>"The man threw Miss Kavanagh inside the van but grabbed Miss Steele and pushed her inside the van, you can see as she struggled against the man as he held her down..." His voice is going quiet. I calm my expression.
"Were you able to get an identification on the man?"

>"No sir, unfortunately the camera was too pixelated and the van had no number plate, there was nothing we could do."
"So you came here to tell me the child is one conceived of rape?"

>"Yes sir, I didn't think you'd want to hear it through a phone."
"You were right Welch, however I already knew from her friend Miss Kavanagh what transpired that night. although upsetting, I really wanted to know the father's identity."

>"If we were able to get some blood from the young lady, we could always see if anything pops up?"
My eyes go wide at the suggestion. "No welch, I'm not blood testing her."

>"I would recommend checking her mother before you engage in anything."
"Of course Welch, thank you for your information. Have a good day."

>"Good bye Mr. Grey." He stands up and walks outside the door, I put my head into my hands, and sigh. My dear Anastasia, how I wish I could change how Jasmine came about, through love not force.<p>

"Mr. Grey, I've got your coffee here." I nod towards my desk and continue my conversation on my phone about mergers, and other mundane things, because it always felt as if no one could do any work without me yelling at them. I smile at Andrea she really is worth her weight in gold, she looks shocked at my smile, but regains her composure and leaves my office, I drink the black gold and go back to listening to Mr Kavanagh complain about everything in his working life.

>"Mr. Kavanagh, you know I'm only on the phone to discuss my monetary interests, as long as your company is thriving I'm happy."
I smile at myself thinking about how people bend to my every desire. "And with that in mind Mr. Kavanagh, I'll be hanging up now. Good bye." I do as I said, and hang up the phone, immediately I go to emailing.

From: Mia Grey

>To: Christian Grey.<p>

Hey big bro,
>Haven't heard from you lately, you okay?<p>

Love Mia xx

I chuckle at Mia; she is a beautiful young woman. I decide to give her a quick buzz.

>"Mia, are you there?" I heard fumbling around.
"Christian! Oh my god, there you are. We haven't heard from you in ages!" As per usual, Mia talks my ear off.

>"Yes Mia" I chuckle at my darling sister. "I won't be at home this Sunday, let mother know."
"Christian, seriously? We miss you!"

>"I know Mia, I know. I've got plans with a young lady..."
"WHAT?!" Dang it, I forgot I haven't mentioned Ana to anyone yet...

>"Oh, I've got a super important person in my office Mia, I have to go."
"DON'T YOU DARE CHRISTIAN."

>"Bye Mia, Love you my little sister." I hang up the phone knowing full well she's going to be pissed, and tell my mother of what I said. Sighing I glance at the clock, it's nearly 1. I can't help the massive ear to ear grin that settles on my face.<p>

I can't wait until I see Ana's face. "Andrea, can you get my office prepared for lunch?"

>"Of course sir."<p>

APOV

Throughout the day I was the giddiest I've ever been, I know last night at dinner I probably still shouldn't have run out the door, however this man... This gorgeous man brought me flowers and came to my bed not for sex but for me... Shaking my head I try to forget the image of him half naked by door. I was sure he was going to wake up and run out my door, however I was shocked that he invited to me lunch and dinner.

>Smiling to myself I start going into a daydream like trance, that was until my bossy little girl demanded my attention as she walked into the living room area. "Mumma!" her bottom lip is poking out and I have a feeling it's got to do with I didn't give her attention as she walked out her room in none other than a princess dress. "Mumma! Wook!"
"Yes princess, I see. And it's look darling, look." I've got to start correcting the baby talk before it gets out of control, I sigh inwardly and look at the expression on her face and try desperately not to cuddle her.

>"That's what I sed mumma." Hands on the hips, oh my little diva princess.
"Okay sweetheart, however we're going out today, how about we were something matching?!" I put a lot of excitement into my voice hoping that she will get excited too and change.

>"Oh Mumma! That's a great idea!" her eyes get wide and the smile on her face says it all. "Let's fine your princess dress Mumma!"
"Oh no dear, Mumma is wearing her jeans and a pretty shirt." I walk over to Jasmine and pick her up, kissing her cheek as I do. "Pink or blue shirt today?"

>"Mm..." her thinking face appears, the little v furrow between her eyebrows and the tongue pokes out between her lips, it's the same adorable little expression that appears when she's drawing a new picture. "I fink pink!"
"It's think darling, th-ink."

>"thiiiiiiiink" she exaggerates.
"Good girl!" I shower her with kisses and get us both dressed in jeans and pink shirts. Although she looks slightly disappointed to be getting changed out of her princess dress, I reassure her she's still a princess to me in casual clothes. "what should we do for the morning?"
>"Let's go see Auntie Kate!" she claps her hands, and I pop a little beret on her head and kiss her cheeks.
"Let's go then sweet heart, then we'll go see Mr. Grey."
>"Christian Mumma, his name is Christian." It always shocks me how alert children are, and how to the point they can be.<p>

As we walk out of our building I notice a tall slender woman with brown hair staring from across the street, shaking the off the feeling of being watched I hold hands with my daughter and begin the walk to Kavanagh Media, which I knew I had to go to today anyway to pick up my next lot of editing files.

>The building was in a turn of the century building, which I absolutely adored, it had a personality as it was once a bank from when the English first came to America.
As I walk into the building and I look behind me to the other side of the street and see that tall slender woman again, I stare at her trying to remember the first lady's clothes and chuckle at how absurd I'm being, why would some woman want to follow me?

>I turn to Sarah behind the counter of reception, she's a lovely older lady and she absolutely adores Jasmine. "Hello Sarah." I beam a smile at her, I haven't seen her in a little over a week now.
"Hello Ana dear, and hello princess Jasmine!" as per usual her eyes dart straight for her. "Here to get the next lot of paperwork my dear?" she's speaking to me even though she's not looking in my direction.

>"Yes Sarah, would you mind if I take Jasmine upstairs with me?" I smile at her hoping she doesn't mind; children aren't allowed to go into the office upstairs. "She wants to see her Auntie Kate today."
"That dear child sees Kate every day, but yes it's fine go on up ahead. Mr. Kavanagh isn't here till well after 12." She winks and ushers us on ahead.

I walk upstairs while carrying Jasmine, although she can walk somewhat quickly I always struggle with her on the stairs because for a 3-year-old she really doesn't have long legs. She squirms and mutters that she wants to do it, but it's simply too busy.

"Auntie Kate!" she yells across the building and I flush bright red with embarrassment.

>"Princess Jasmine!" she scoops her up into her arms. "Ana, come into my office." she's smiling as she's carrying our little girl ahead of me, I smile shyly to those working and make a beeline straight for the little office Kate works in.
"Sorry about her yelling Kate, I'm actually here to pick up my next round of paperwork for editing, and then heading out for lunch." I smile brightly.

>"Mm, well jasmine can you draw auntie Kate a lovely picture for a moment? I promise I won't look!" Oh no. She's making it a game... She wants to talk...
"Of course Auntie Kate." she's pulling the paper out from the desk drawer and already has her coloring in pencils from the draw below, she knows this office too well.

>"So Ana Banana, what happened last night?" There's a wolfish grin in place.
"Uh, nothing." I mutter.

>"Nothing? Hah! I don't believe that for a second!" her eyes are bright with curiosity. "Christian comes over with roses in hand, and stays the night. I've never seen him on a date let alone hearing

about him in bed with someone."
"I didn't know that Kate, as far as I knew he just owned the company I went to yesterday. I didn't ask him to meet me at the cafe, I didn't tell him what I was doing for dinner that night, and I most certainly didn't expect or tell him to come to my home and sleep in my bed with me. Although, I'm thankful he did." I could feel the flush on my cheek as I'm speaking and yet she knew I meant every word.

>"I know Ana, I nearly went into shock when I answered the front door and saw him standing there." Her eyes glazed over slightly.
"He just held me the whole night." I nodded and looked at Jasmine. "He had to remind me Jasmine was about to come in, and to well... unwrap myself from him" I chuckled at the thought of Christian again.

>"Have to admit Ana, he was... Delicious this morning." She winked. "I'm happy for you Ana banana, just let me know if I have to kick him out, or show him who's boss." she laughs and pulls me in for a hug.
"Yes Ma'am." We both laugh, and look at little Jasmine who's drawn her little family, of her, myself, Kate and Ray, it's heartwarming to know this little girl loves us. "Okay Jasmine, it's time to go and let Auntie Kate get back to work." She beams and puts her beret back on and starts packing up her coloring in pencils where she found them. "Kate, can you bring those files home with you today?"

>"Of course Ana, have a good lunch." she winks, and smiles that wolfish grin and me. I pick up my daughter and head out towards reception.<p>

Sarah was already up out of her desk and walking towards Jasmine, I always felt a little threatened whenever she did this, although I know she would never do anything to harm Jasmine, but I never left the two of them alone.

>"Okay princess, you going to be good with Mumma?"
"Of course." she nods but gives me a bright beaming smile.

>I smile down at her while she's cocooned in my arms, and push my nose into her hair. "Good bye Sarah, have a good day.
"Don't I get a hug goodbye?" a knot formed in my stomach.

>"Not today" I beam. "We're off to lunch and we're running late." I know I said it a little shortly, however I really wasn't expecting to spend so much time with Kate in her office, and a few journalists asking me about some editing notes I had on their files, which were simple fixes but I knew Jasmine hated me holding her whilst she was not the focus of the conversation.<p>

I walk out the door and notice the lean woman with brown hair across the street, surely she couldn't have been standing there for two whole hours, Jasmine's talking to me about the street performer dressed as a statue standing still, which starts her on a tirade of all the performers she's ever met or seen on tv. I kiss her head and chuckle, nod and say uh huh at the right points which keeps her happy.

>I keep walking towards the city Centre, I know I could have taken the car today however a walk always keeps Jasmine occupied, and it gives me time to think about what Christian has in store for us for lunch.
I round the corner and I see Christian's building as it's completely glass and by far the most noticeable of all the buildings on the street, although I think that's because I know there's a man awaiting my arrival inside I hope, when Jasmine notices Grey on the building she goes on and on and on about Christian about how he stayed the night and how excited she was to see him, although much to her disappoint me he didn't stay for breakfast or see her princess

outfit.

>I set Jasmine down from my arms and I kneel in her direction so we're face to face.
"Jasmine Princess, we're about to go see Christian, now I need to make sure you say Mr. Grey to the lady at the desk, and you cannot tell them about Mr. Grey staying over last night okay?"

>Her face furrows and that little tongue comes out. "But why Mumma?"
"Because it's secret okay?" I kiss in-between her eye brows. "And Mr. Grey doesn't want us to tell anyone, and Mumma doesn't want to tell anyone either okay?"

>"Okay, so no telling?"
"That's right baby girl." I smile encouragingly at my gorgeous girl and pick her up in my arms again and prepare myself to enter Grey's building.

The sleek reception was warm as I entered, and as before I was greeted by a blonde.

>"Good Afternoon Ma'am, and Miss, how can I help you today? Direct you to a cafe? Or Another building?" I desperately try not give her any death glares.
"Can you please give me a visitors pass? I'm here to have lunch with Mr. Grey." I say as coolly as I can at this moment, how dare she have the nerve.

>"I'm sorry Ma'am, Mr. Grey isn't available for unscheduled lunches or meetings, he's a very busy man as you can imagine. However, if you leave your contact details I can send them through to his P.A, but I can't imagine your luck." She shrugs.
"I think you will find Mr. Grey is expecting me." The glare is on now.

>"I don't think I will, he doesn't take lunch with groupies." Her eyes dash quickly to my daughter.
"How dare you." The anger is rising in my belly. I put Jasmine down at my feet and she's clutching at my leg.

>"Ma'am, I believe it best to remove yourself from the building before I have security escort you out." she's risen from her chair, I'm trying to control myself from snapping.
There's a gruff voice calling out from across the room, and only when I look around do I notice everyone has stopped as is looking at our exchange. "Miss Steele, and little Miss Steele, Mr. Grey is expecting you."

>The blonde in front of me has gone ashen, her eyes have gone wide.
"Thank you Mr. Taylor." I say with a smile. I turn to look at the blonde. "So, do you think Mr. Grey is taking lunch with groupies today?" I walk towards the elevator and my whole body posture is screaming aggression, Jasmine holds my jeans in her hands and follows along.

>Taylor stays behind and I can hear the end of the conversation. "I will tell Mr. Grey about this encounter" and follows me to the elevator where we endure a long ride up to Christian's office.
"That stupid b-I-t-c-h." I spell out, fuming.

>"I'm sorry about that Miss Steele." Taylor looks just as angry as I am.
"How dare she, call me, ME a groupie, as if I'm no more than a swooning love sick idiot." red has appeared at the corners of my vision, until Jasmine tugs at my hands.

>"Mumma, you said a bad word." She's frowning and I realize she must of been scared she's never seen me act that way before.
"I'm sorry darling, I'll put a dollar in the swear jar when I get home."

>"Promise mumma?"
"Promise, you can remind me sweet heart."

The elevators ding as we arrive at the correct floor, the two same blondes are here, only I'm too annoyed to bother with PA's today, not anymore at least. I fume towards Christian's office; I don't even stop to knock.

>"Christian!" I'm about to go on a tirade when I look around his office and notice the children's toys, and lunch Italian take away food on his desk and tears begin to form.
"Ana!" he looks shocked at my outburst but comes straight over to me. "Taylor, can you take Jasmine and watch her with Andrea please?" Taylor leaves the room and goes to play with Jasmine I believe, and this man who I only met yesterday is already going out of his way to make me and my child happy. "What happened Ana?"

>"What happened!? Are you kidding me, that stupid fucking blonde down stairs was so unbelievably rude to me that I could have jumped across the counter and slapped her smarter." I'm pacing now. "Not only did she ask me if she could direct me to a cafe or another building, she then after I stated I was here for lunch with you, she says you weren't available for unscheduled lunches, considering how 'unbelievably busy you were, as I could imagine but she'd grab my details and pass them along to your P.A although she didn't see me having much luck." He gasps at this revelation.
"That is rude..." His eyes glaze over with thought.

>"Oh I'm not done yet. When I replied you were expecting me, she told me 'Mr. Grey didn't go to lunch with groupies'. After I said how dare she her next comment was '"Ma'am, I believe it best to remove yourself from the building before I have security escort you out' that's when Taylor arrived. If Jasmine wasn't with me I think I would have slapped her smarter, but to be disrespected in front of my own child I couldn't believe it."
"Are you fucking kidding me?" He's gotten just as angry as I have. He goes to his phone "Andrea, get the blonde from reception in my meeting room NOW."

>"Sure Mr. Grey, should I make it out like she's in trouble?"
"No. Let her think about it first." He goes back to me in a flash and pulls me into him for a passionate angry kiss. "I'm so sorry Ana, this is not what I wanted for you."

>I'm on the verge of tears again. "Please don't cry Ana, please be strong as we're about to go into that meeting room and get an apology for you."
"Oh no Christian, please don't fuss over it, I just want to have lunch."

>"My employees get disciplined baby, and I want an apology for my two girls." He showers me with kisses when we hear a knock on the door, Andrea comes in.
"Miss Macy is in the meeting room sir, she's been waiting a minute or so." She leaves leaving the room between Christian and I.

>"Shall we go my dear?" Christian holds out his hand for me to take.
I put my hands inside his and he leads me into the meeting room.

5. Chapter 5

****Chapter Five.****

****APOV.****

I stare down at my tiny hand inside of his, our fingers laced together, my hands are tingling at the sensation of holding another person's, that and I can feel my hands beginning to get hot.

>I desperately want to pull my hands away in fear he'll notice but the goddess inside of me is singing in victory.<p>

"Ana, be strong." Christian whispers in my ear, even though my stomach is in knots and I feel as if I'm going to be sick, I try my best to be strong. I nod at Christian and mentally prepare myself for

the room in front of me.

Christian opens the door and holds it open for me, normally this would have touched me, as I'm not used to men being so...gentlemanly, however the smug look of Miss Macy's face had the blood boiling inside me.

>"Miss Macy." Christian's voice is like ice.
"Mr. Grey." Hers is equally so, I know I'm not hiding the shocked expression on my face, I've never heard anyone speaking to him in any manner close to the one she's using.

>"Miss Macy, this is Miss Steele, as you would have known from yesterday she's the journalist that came to interview me." I take a quick peek towards Christian and I flinch at the gaze he's giving Miss Macy.
"I was not here yesterday Sir." The goddess inside of me is starting to run for the door, and I'm so very tempted to follow her myself. "I was otherwise... occupied."

>"Occupied?" he snaps. "Miss Macy, what reason is there to be occupied?"
"The reason of my father. The one who got me this job in the first place Mr. Grey, the man who you, yourself has done business with." Her hands are fists on the table.

>"Please Miss Macy, like I could care what your father does." He snorts quite rudely, but the face she makes her once pretty face contorted with anger.
"My father is an important business man as you should know."

>"Not as important as me Miss Macy." Oh that smug bastard. "See Miss Macy, I took you on as my receptionist as a favour to your father, but he's slowly going bankrupt, people are refusing to do business with him, so I saw no need to keep you on any further. But people liked your persona, Andrea convinced me to keep you on as she saw you as a friend." He's calmed down significantly.
"You lie." she's shocked, and I just want to run out of the room.

>"I don't lie Miss Macy." He walks over to the desk in the middle of the room and sits opposite her. "You see Miss Macy; I don't need you. You aren't special. And I couldn't care less about you if I tried." My heart is breaking for this girl as I watch her whole world crumble before her.
"I..." She's looking at her hands now. "Look Mr. Grey, I'm sorry for how I acted." Oh you have got to be kidding me, she's looking at Christian with seductive eyes. "I've been a very, very bad girl."

>I choke back laughter, and look at the gob smacked Christian who's sitting there like he's been electrocuted.
"Miss Macy, you're fired." Christian gets up from his chair and heads towards the door. "I'll be telling your father what happened here today, I don't tolerate ignorance or simple rudeness to any of my clients, or people who enter MY business. Get your things and get out of my building without saying your goodbyes." He grabs my hand and leads me out of the room.

"Ana, get into my office now." he's being short with me and although I don't like it I do as I'm told, as I look back over my shoulder I notice he's going to talk with Taylor.

As I open Christian's office doors I'm greeted with the sight of Andrea playing with Jasmine and I can't help but laugh at how this woman got suckered into playing tea-parties with a three-year-old girl. Andrea looks up and laughs along with me, however, her eyes are curious.

>"Fired?" she mouths at me, I just nod my head, and look apologetically at her. She was her friend after all.
"MUMMA! LOOOOOOK!" I look shocked down at Jasmine, then look slightly behind

her and notice the candy and chocolate she must of eaten.
>"Sorry." Andrea mouths at me, and I laugh knowing Jasmine's about to pass out at any moment, who could blame Andrea for giving in to Jasmine's pleas, I'd wager my next pay check she used those big blue eyes.<p>

Andrea rushes out of the office to pick Jasmine and I up some lunch since the Italian went cold, to no fault of her own. But Jasmine was going to have to eat before she went to sleep.
>She came back with a toasted sandwich for Jasmine, chicken and cheese although, not very healthy it'll have to do.<p>

Jasmine kicked up a fuss about eating as she was 'not very hungry' but she eventually caved in and ate her food, then promptly fell asleep.

>"So Mr. Grey fired her..." Andrea was tucking Jasmine in one last time before she had to go back to organizing Christian's day.
"Yeah, it was very icy in that room." I shudder at the thought.

>"I can imagine; Sandra was always a little big headed. Her father owns some company that Mr. Grey deals with. She thought she was untouchable." She's shaking her head with disapproval.
"She said something along those lines." I look at little Jasmine asleep while we're talking.

>"You know. She really could be nice." It's all but a whisper.
"She was never nice to me."

>"You're a good woman Ana, and your little girl is to die for. Anyone who can't show you respect as a human being, or simply be nice doesn't deserve your time or effort." She starts heading towards the door. "A lot of people are going to hate you because you mean something to Christian, or they are going to use you for money. Please don't let that deter you, I can see I difference in him, if you can just give that time I'm sure you'll love him." I stare at her as she leaves, it was very forward but deep down I knew it to be true.<p>

I curl up on the couch next to Jasmine and start to drift off, all the excitement I never realized how draining it all is and begin to dream.

In my dream we're in a large cottage house, there's a fire going in the living room and Jasmine is playing with her toys on the rug, I'm sitting lying on the couch and watching her, saying all the right things at the right time to keep her occupied, my life is good, it's calm.

>All of a sudden there's a scuffle from the hallway of dragging feet, which makes me turn around to look at the door way, and there's a little boy with copper hair and green eyes, he's heartbreaking.
As I watch this little boy all he does is sit behind my legs on the couch in a cradling or foetal position and all I can do is run my hands through his hair. Jasmine takes no notice of this boy beside me. My life is good; my life is calm.

****CPOV****

I can't believe that stupid girl actually started hitting on me as I'm reprimanding her. The bloody nerve of some people, I'm surprised I didn't get angrier and start yelling at the poor woman, although I remember the shock registering on Ana's face.

>I shake my head as the thoughts are running through my

head.
"Taylor, I want that woman out of my building, let her get her shit but don't let her talk to anyone. Remind her of her NDA as well, don't want her starting shit she can't finish." I'm fuming as Taylor leaves, normally he'd remind me to be calm or some shit like that but this time he knew better.

I get my phone out of my jacket pocket and immediately dial Mr. Macy.

>"Ah Mr. Grey what an unexpected call." His voice was always deep but cheerful, not at all what I expected from a business man.
"Mr. Macy, unfortunately this isn't a pleasure call."

>"I wouldn't think of it, how can I be of assistance?" His tone has suddenly gone serious and quiet.
"Your daughter, I've unfortunately had to dismiss her, in a rather abrupt fashion so to say."

>"Oh?" As expected, shock and surprise.
"Yes, your daughter was dismissive of clients, down right rude to my clients and people in my building, was showing up late to work or not at all without warning, was arrogant to her fellow workers and was downright insulting to my girlfriend." Calm down Grey.

>"I'm sorry to hear that..."
"I was sorry to do it, I would have let her stay, if she hadn't expressed how she felt she was 'untouchable' in my company, although I'm paraphrasing."

>"Mr. Grey, I hope this doesn't impact our working relationship."
"No of course not, I know she's been to other companies which was destroyed your working relationships, however I advise you to stop supporting your daughter and stop her from working at their companies. But of course feel free not to take my advice."

>"I will listen and take it into consideration. I will believe your story as you have no reason to lie. And I look forward to meeting your girlfriend in person soon rather than later. Have a good day Mr. Grey."
"Good bye." I hang up the phone, he took that rather well, although this isn't the first time around Miss Macy has done something like this.

I run my hands through my hair and sigh openly, all I wanted was to have lunch with Ana and Jasmine, to show Ana that I'm not some play boy, that given the chance I can be who she wants and needs. All I want is to forgo all my old ways and become a family.

>Andrea comes out of my office and stands in front of me. "Sir..." I tilt my head to the side slightly and raise an eyebrow. "Would you mind if I say something?"
"Of course not Andrea, you're my PA you know my life like no one else."

>"Sir, Ana is a gorgeous woman, she's very kind and warm hearted, I may not have spoken to her often however watching her with Jasmine I know she'd do anything for her little girl." She's looking directly into my eyes and holding her own. "Just please, and don't take this the wrong way, but please don't hurt her."
I stare intently at Andrea, never has anyone been this upfront with me, ever.

>"I think you two would be an amazing couple don't get me wrong, but she has a child who I've fallen in love with I think, and I couldn't bear to know that child has cried in sadness." She places a hand on my own. "Like I said sir, don't take it personally just be yourself and be kind to that woman and child." She walks off to her desk and starts working again.
"Thank you Andrea, I will treat her like the queen she is." I smirk and give her a wink.

>"Oh one more thing sir, I do believe Ana is falling asleep, Jasmine has been fed and is asleep on your couch."
"Thank you Andrea." She really is worth her weight in gold.

I slowly open the door to my office and see my two girls lying on the couch spooning, my heart stops beating for a second, for when I look upon their faces they are completely free, I put the blanket from jasmine over the both of them and kiss Ana's forehead, then Jasmynes, could I Christian Grey be this man?

>I walk towards my desk and start reading some emails and fixing up a few little mistakes that people have made throughout the week, while taking quick looks at the two girls sleeping.
Andrea snuck in and brought me a chicken salad and a coffee without waking the two girls, which I was so thankful for because I just wasn't done looking.

From Mom

>To Christian Grey<p>

Hello Son, tried sending you a text earlier but you didn't reply.

>I know I can always get you on here though!
Are you coming for Sunday dinner?

>Don't make me get Elliot on you.<p>

Love Mom. x

I chuckle softly, she always had a way of forcing someone to do something, without ever really needing to carry through on a threat.

To Mom

>From Christian Grey.<p>

Mom, would it be okay if I brought two other people with me?

>Date and her daughter.<p>

Love C

I get up from my desk and walk towards where Ana lays sleeping, I doubt if she wasn't exhausted she'd be here right now, we only met yesterday. I trace my fingers along her cheek bone then kneel down and whisper in her ear, "Ana, it's time to get up."

>She mumbled in her sleep for me to go away, so I poked her arm a few times, how the hell do you wake someone up? I've never had this issue before.
Her eye twitches open slightly, and she slowly gets up so not to wake Jasmine.

>"I was comfy." She pouts.
"Come sit at my desk and have a coffee, if you sleep now you won't sleep tonight." I wink at her, it's what my mom would say if the roles were reversed.

>"Uh, that's so true."<p>

Ana sat in the chair opposite my desk, and of course I sat in my office chair, we had whispered conversations about her day visiting her work, what Jasmine did in the morning and ultimately just talked about anything and everything.

>"Did you like me staying over?" I smile brightly at her; I really want to invoke a blush from those cheeks.
As if she read my mind she blushes on queue. "I did, thank you." She's started to fiddle with her fingers and nervously twitch. "You didn't have to..."

>"Oh please, I wanted to. Ana, we only met yesterday but I feel this... this pull towards you."
I move out of my chair to get closer to her. "Ana, I feel as though before I met you, my whole world was just work, it was empty of emotion, of love. And now, I

look at you and I see your smile, the love and trust you give, I see your little girl and how much she relies on you, cares for you. I don't see some poor little girl, I see a woman who I would very much like to see more."

>She's looking deep into my eyes, as if she's trying to see my dark twisted soul.
"Christian, I can't stop thinking about you, you're in my dreams, you're the reason I was so happy today after you left, and you've even bewitched Jasmine. Although that's not very hard to do!" She chuckles at her own joke which in turn makes me smile brightly. "I just want to date you, and know you before we go any further."

>Does she have to get to know me? What if... No Christian, don't think of that.
"Of course Ana, and I you. Let's get take out tonight, take it your place or mine whichever, and talk about everything. What makes you tick Anastasia?" I trace my fingers along her jawline.

>"My daughter." That's a very serious reply... "My daughter is the only thing I live for anymore, I'm sure Kate explained why I ran out the other night." her voice barely a whisper.
Should I say yes, what if she gets angry I didn't say anything...

>"Yes, she told me briefly." I look away towards Jasmine, so serene.
"I won't rehash it, but I could have easily turned away from the world, and gone towards a self-destructive habit, I was so tempted to just end everything. But I didn't, I kept thinking of the little babies face I'd meet at the end of the 9 months, I kept thinking of my life afterwards." She's standing now, she's looped her fingers through the loops in my pants. "My daughter is my world, she kept me breathing when I didn't think I could anymore, she got me through school because I want her to make it, I refused to give up to that man, I will not let him win." Her eyes are blazing with passion, her voice although still a whisper is ringing with determination.

I put my hand on the back of her neck, and use my thumb to point her face towards mine, where I slowly, carefully start to come closer.

>At first her eyes are worried, scared even but I will vanquish the thought of that man forever even if it's the last thing I do. I kiss the corner of her lips, almost asking for more, she runs her hand along my waist and I tense up at the feeling. I kiss her on those luscious lips lightly at first, but she has other ideas and pulls my close and kisses me again with more passion, I feel her tongue on my lips asking for permission, which I deny.<p>

When she pulls away she looks rejected, so I step with her again and kiss her neck once softly and whisper in her ear. "I can't because you've asked me to wait, so I will be the gentleman and wait Anastasia. Besides, your daughter is starting to shift so I thought you'd rather not explain why I'm kissing you." I kiss her cheek softly, and sure enough there comes a grumble from the couch.

"Mumma, where are we?" She sits up hair a mess and rubs her eyes then looks around her, no wonder where she got those waking up habits from.

>"Darling, we're at Mr. Grey's remember?" She goes straight to her daughter leaving my side and tends to her daughter.
"Oh yeah! We already ate though." She frowns genuinely disappointed.

>"I know baby; would you like to bring him over for dinner at our house instead?"
"Yes Mumma!" Jasmine has perked right up, and we both chuckle.

Jasmine spends some more time in my office playing with some dolls, colouring in books and other toys while Ana and I look on interacting whenever she wanted, although I kept sneaking glances at Ana, she had this motherly glow I just couldn't stop admiring, she was beautiful in more than one sense, of course being slim with long brown hair with twists and curls, blue eyes that made you question your thoughts and lips so irresistible all made her a gorgeous woman, but her personality made all the difference, she wasn't at all materialistic, she didn't look at me like some lovesick child, millionaire or play boy, but the biggest attraction I have to this woman, is the electric shock every time I touch her, it's a pulse I feel now whenever she looks into my eyes.

>I feel as though this woman was meant for me, and only me.<p>

Before we knew it the time had flown by and it was time to head home, Jasmine was so excited to go home to start for dinner she was holding my hand however when we left the office Ana noticed she was starting to lag behind a little bit and scooped her up into her arms, I can't deny feeling a small part of jealousy because I wanted to cuddle that gorgeous little girl, and have her ultimately fall asleep in my arms.

>"What's wrong Christian?" Those blue eyes look up at me with curiosity.
"Nothing Ana, let's hurry and get home." I kiss her cheek as we wait for the elevator.

>"I agree sir, let's go." She pressed her nose into Jasmine's hair, and her eyes glazed over as she started to think.<p>

The elevator opened up and we gathered inside, Taylor was already downstairs waiting with the car, the electricity that buzzed between Ana and I was undeniable.

>"Oh wow..." she whispered.
"Oh I know baby." I mumbled back.

>It was a long elevator ride down to reception, all I wanted to do was run my hands over her body and show how much my body needed hers. Pressing myself into the corner of the elevator I waited impatiently for the elevator to stop.
Ana chuckled at how far away I was, however she said nothing.

As we exited the elevator, as per usual my workers watched what I was doing, normally they'd be worried I was going to come watch over their shoulders, or to scold them. But the amount of looks we got as I put my hand on the small of her back was priceless.

>The looks of shocked expressions, or jealous stares from the women towards Ana I chuckled under my breath and looked at Ana and she was focusing on Jasmine completely, obviously uncomfortable with people watching her.<p>

"Shall we take the car?" I whisper in her ear as we're walking.

>"I told you Jasmine needs her own car seat." She looks slightly annoyed, note to self don't get her to repeat herself.
"I got a car seat for her in the Audi SUV." I raise my eyebrow at her.

>"You didn't need to Christian." I turn to look around, Ana is starting to get tears in her eyes and I doubt she'd want me to call attention to it in the car.
"I wanted to Ana, I told you, I've felt something for you since the day you came into my office." I lead her towards the car, and open the door for her. "I find myself thinking about things that will make you happy, but then doing them. Never in my life have I gone out of my way for a woman."

>She places Jasmine in her car seat, then we both walk around the other side and get in the car.
"Christian, I keep thinking that you're going to come to your senses and leave me..."
>"Ana, the only way I'll leave is if you tell me to." And I put my hand on her cheek and look into those eyes so blue, and lean pull her lips to my own.
"Don't ever leave then." The kiss that we shared was a slow molten hot kiss, which I had to pull away from too soon.

>"Then I shall never leave." I kiss her forehead then happily hold her hand and look out the window as we drive towards her apartment.<p>

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I just want to thank everyone for the support and comments I've received on the story.

6. Chapter 6

Chapter Six.

APOV

Christian has been nothing but sweet today, as long as you ignore the blonde bitch from the meeting room. "_miss Macy." _ My inner goddess reminds me, and I snort at her interruption.

>I look at Jasmine in her new car seat and she's already sleeping which makes me chuckle inwardly, if only she knew how lucky she really was right now, not every little girl has a father who could probably literally buy half the world. I look at her hands in tiny little fists, and wonder what she's dreaming about.<p>

Christian is drawing patterns long my palm with the tip of his fingers, and I cross my legs and relish in the feeling of this man. Who knew a fingertip could make my insides churn? "_I did; I mean look at him Ana." _If I had to draw a picture of my inner goddess, she'd be on top of Mount Olympus, in a toga wearing a crown of gold. A typical Greek god, Aphrodite, except she'd have half framed glasses and looking over them staring me down right now.

>Yes, Goddess Ana, I know you'd like himâ€|for his body might I add.<p>

Before I could think too much more on his body I noticed my apartment as it came into view, and I look over to Christian and smile because he's so intently focused on whatever's going on outside the car.

>My phone buzzed loudly from my purse and I instinctively retrieved it and read the message.<p>

**Are you home for dinner?

>K.

Oh crap. I forgot about Kate.

**I'm two minutes away, Christian is coming for dinner. X **

**Oh? Another date huh? Does that make number 3? Or do you have to at least wait 3 days? Lol

>K.

****Hah! You're funny. What do you want for dinner?****

****I know baby, should I distract Jasmine so you can get some bow chicka wow, wow time?**

**>I was thinking pasta, homemade?
K.****

****You mean you want me to make the pasta? X****

****You know me so well lol. See you soon! Oh and squeeze his ass for me. X ****

I laugh a little too loudly at Kate's last text message, and that's when I hear Christian snickering next to me, and I gaze up at him in shock. "Oh you read that huh?"

>"Bow chicka wow, wow huh? You were snickering to yourself." That gorgeous grin has come back.
"Is it date three tonight?" I'm staring out the window behind him.

>"Do you want it to be?" I watch his hands move to under my chin, and softly apply pressure until I look up into his eyes, those grey smoldering eyes.
"Yesâ€| But I'm scaredâ€|" Oh no, please not now tears.

>"Don't be, you're in control Ana. I won't do anything you don't want me to do." He softly applies pressure to my lips, and as usual my blood begins to boil, and all I want is to throw myself into the kiss and make myself become his, and for him to be mine.<p>

Taylor pulled up outside the apartment and helped get Jasmine out of the car, meanwhile Christian held the door open for me and held out his hand to offer help, which of course I was more than grateful to his help since it means I get to hold his hand again. I walk over to Taylor who goes to pass Jasmine to me however I take a quick look at Christian and I smile and motion for him to take Jasmine.

His eyes light up with the idea and he looks awkward as he's trying to keep his arms to still, sometimes I forget that he hasn't held a toddler much before this.

>"Christian, she won't wake up now. Relax your arms." I put a hand on his arm, then tuck Jasmine's arm between her and Christian. "She looks peaceful." I comment softly.
"She's adorable." He whispers.

>"Christian, you can talk normal, she won't wake up." I chuckle softly, then start heading towards the entrance for the apartment.
"I don't know thatâ€|" he mumbles begrudgingly, but he's watching her intently.

>"Penny for your thoughts?"
"She's smiling in her sleep, and I just thoughtâ€| What if she's smiling because I'm here?" it's all but a whisper, and I realized that because he doesn't have children of his own, or even really interacted with them everything is a first for him. I remember watching her sleep as a baby and thinking every smile was because of me, the love and warmth those thoughts gave.

>"I'm sure it is. She's never had a man in her life." I open the door for him and walk to the elevator and press the button.
"I would never give her up if I was her father."

>"I would never have had her if not for him." I brush away a single tear that escaped my eyes.
He looks down at me with this sad look and I realized I might have said too much. "She's your daughter, she's your little clone. He had nothing to do with her, and never will." He leans down quickly and kisses me softly.

>"Thank you Christian." I look around as we're waiting, and realize a couple of my neighbors are watching our interaction with bright wide eyes, and I blush brightly at the people looking at us.<p>

"Oh my god. Is that Christian Grey?" a woman whispers a little too loudly.

>"No way, what would he be doing with someone soâ€| Plain?" The lady next to her snorts out, and my inner goddess is comparing her likeness to a pig. "besides Christian Grey doesn't have children, and I doubt he'd want someone else's bastard child."
"Ana, hold Jasmine and go upstairs please." I take Jasmine from him and hold her into myself, praying to god she stays asleep, although I don't enter the elevator when it arrives.

>I watch Christian walk over to the two ladies in the corner, shoulders squared off and I know if I looked into his eyes they would be dark with anger.
"Ladies, I'm Christian Grey." I look over at Taylor who's just arrived and he looks confused as he looks on towards Christian. I look back at the ladies and the pig-like one is trying to give Christian some sultry-sex eyed look. "I would like to take this time to tell you, you're very loud."

>Their eyes go wide. "So loud in fact, that lovely mother over there and I could hear every single inconsiderate, and snobbish opinion you had the nerve to say out loud." The blood drained out of their face. "That may not be my child, but who are you to label her? Who are you to give an opinion on my date or her child?"
As I'm watching Christian, I realize he's not doing this as a friend, but he's defending Jasmine as if she was his own without a second thought to himself.

>"Now, I would appreciate if you kept you disgusting opinions to yourself, because once someone sees how horrible and selfish your opinions are all they can see when they look at you is two old ladies who no man wanted to spend the time of day on. Now, good day ladies." And with that he turned away from them and took Jasmine from my arms, and lead me towards the stairs, I wiped away a tear from my cheek and smiled brightly.
"Ana, I'm so sorry about that. The media will do worse but just know I will do everything in my power to make sure they never call Jasmine that disgusting word." I just nod and continue up the stairs to my apartment. It's a good thing I only live on level 3.

****CPOV****

I pull Jasmine into myself further, and realize how badly I could have screamed at those two ladies, how dare they say that disgusting, filthy horrible word about this cute adorable little girl? Watching Ana's face as she was listening to those two crones was heartbreaking, although she seems to of brightened up since we entered the stair well.

Maybe I should look into getting Ana an apartment closer to me, or maybe I should get her an apartment just below my own, with a doorman, security, no bitches in receptionâ€| It's closer to the city center, in a safer neighborhoodâ€| I don't know if she'd go for it, but I could always broch the subject with her tonight?

As she unlocks the door to the apartment we both gasp as we enter, the whole apartment has been decorated with lit candles, the blinds have been drawn, her eyes are brimming with tears again and Kate comes out of her room and motions for Jasmine, and I reluctantly hand her over.

>"Now you two, you're going to have the whole apartment to yourselves. I brought some take out for you which is in the oven, there's champagne in the fridge sitting in some ice. Jasmine and I are going to go visit Ray." She kisses Ana on the cheek and leaves after her statement.<p>

I turn towards Ana, and sheepishly smile.

>"Would you like a glass of wine?" she smiles back.
"Would love one thank you." I move to sit on the stool by the benchtop, while she gets two champagne glasses out and pours a glass each.

>"Cheers?" we clink glasses, and take a tip. "Cheers" she mumbles.
"I'll get dinner ready, where would you like to eat?"

>"In the living room? We could pretend to have a picnic?" I chuckle.
"You get it ready and I'll bring it in." She winks and my heart flutters.

>"Deal!" I say a little too enthusiastically, which makes Ana laugh and turn towards the oven.<p>

I walk towards the living room, and quickly clean up Jasmine's toys, and pull the cushions off the couch onto the floor and quickly run into Ana's room to grab her blanket and bring it into the living room as well. Thank god for Kavanagh though, she had some candles in the living room and a box of matches beside the TV. I light those candles as well and sit down on the floor waiting for Ana.

Before too long Ana comes through the door with two plates and the champagne, and it surprises me she can carry so much without dropping it, she smiles but looks towards the coffee table to place the plates, she fills both our wine glasses and sits beside me.

>"Our dinner is still a little hot." She whispers.
"That's okayâ€| Shall we talk while we wait?" I move a little closer to her.

>"Sureâ€|What shall we talk about?" that flush to her cheeks is starting to creep into her cheeks, her voice is getting quieter.
"You, let's talk about you." I get onto my hands and knees, and start to crawl towards her. I hear the breath catch in the back of her throat.

>"Me? What about me?" her eyes get a little wide, her hands are beginning to tremble, and I watch her bite that lower lip and all I want to do is groan and bite it for her.
I move a little closer to her, she spreads her legs slightly so now I'm in between them.

>"Tell me everything. Your favorite color for instance."
"Uh blue." That gorgeous voice trembles and she can't take her eyes off me.

>"Blue huh?" I raise an eyebrow.
"Yesâ€| Blue." She can't keep her hands still.

>I place my hands on her legs and run my fingers from her ankle to her thighs, a slight moan escapes her lips, who would of thought Ana is longing for my touch. I crawl closer to her, and move my hands to her waist and lean in towards her neck.
She tilts her head back slightly, and closes her eyes. I kiss her neck once, then run my tongue along her neck. She bites her lower lip and moans. Before I knew what was happening she runs her hands through my hair and kisses my lips softly at first then slowly it got harder until I could feel her tongue tracing my lower lip. I pull away slightly and she pouts.

>"Ana, we need to eat." I chuckle softly, but kiss her again.
"Damn it all to hell." She pushes at my chest slightly and

I get off her in an exaggerated movement.

>"In time baby, in time." Kate got us Chinese food, which to my surprise Ana ate very quickly.<p>

After she finishes her food, she gets up rather quickly. "I need to have a shower and get changed. Can you stay here?" I raise an eyebrow at Ana.

>"You didn't want company? Remember this morning?" I wink and smile at her.
"Oh I rememberâ€¦| Believe me I remember. But promise you'll stay here?" She's pulling the same look Jasmine uses to get what she wants, and I squint my eyes at her.

>"Now I know where Jasmine learnt that trick. Okay I'll wait patiently." I turn away from Ana and lay against the couch and close my eyes. I hum softly to myself to pass the time.<p>

Ana rushed off as soon as I laid down and I heard the shower going and I couldn't help the smile across my face.

>My phone started to buzz in my pocket and I pulled it out to see who it was.<p>

****Hey big bro, this Sunday you keen? -E****

****Hey brother, uh still got to ask Ana, can you keep mom distracted for a few more days? -C****

****Dude it's tomorrow. I'll distract her until 10am tomorrow. -E****

****Deal. Thank you brother. -C****

****See you tomorrow. Oh and if you're doing a walk of shame, send me a text. I gotta see that. -E****

I put my phone back on to silent and place my phone onto the coffee table, and go back to lying against the cushion and close my eyes, dreaming of my life with Ana. Before I knew it, the shower had stopped and I heard Ana's footsteps in her bedroom. This is a very small apartment with no sound-proofing what-so-ever. I should definitely try to talk her into moving under my apartment, although I doubt she'd really spend that much time in her own apartment if she lived that close to me.

I kept my eyes closed as I heard Ana's footsteps coming towards me, I focused on my own breathing to keep it even, I can't remember the last time I've been so nervous.

>"Christianâ€¦|" Ana whispered. "Can you open your eyes?" Her voice cracked on the question, she's just as nervous as I.
I open my eyes and gasp as I take Ana in. She's dressed in a white nightgown that is tight in the bust line but flows out softly around her curves, her hair was down and wavy and she applied some soft make up. I stare in wonder at this beautiful woman, she's holding her hands behind her back and I know she's fidgeting.

>"Ana, stop fidgeting." She blushes and stares at her feet. I get up from the floor and run my hands through her hair to stop at the nape of her neck. "Anaâ€¦| I have no words for how beautiful you are right now."
"Don't lie Christian, it's not becoming." I see a slight tinge of red, why do women always do this?

>"Don't ever tell me I'm lying. You. Are. Beautiful. I swear to God; I'll smack your ass so hard if I ever hear you say you're not beautiful again. Got it?"
She nods but those big blue eyes look

directly into my soul.

>"Christian" I lean into her neck and kiss softly.

>Her breathing heightens and she bites her lip softly.
>"Christian, I want this to be our third date."

>"And so it shall be Ana" I keep kissing her neck, then pull away to look into those eyes filling with shyness. "Is there something special that happens on a third date?" I raise an eyebrow and smirk slightly as I imagine what's going through her brain, embarrassment maybe?
>"Well Uh" I watch as she decides what word to use, and I smile knowing I have an effect on this gorgeous woman.

>"Shall we lie down?" I motion for her bedroom.
>"Yes! That's a great idea." She quickly blows out all the candles in the living room and awkwardly tries to calmly walk yet run to her bedroom. I laugh warmly and follow her to the bedroom, I take the condoms from my coat jacket and pop them into my pants pocket just in case.

As we walk through her bedroom I notice more candles and chuckle, no wonder she wanted to go by herself. She stands awkwardly by the bed and stares at her hands and tries to look anywhere but at me.

>I walk over to Ana and wrap my arms around her waist and lean down to kiss her lips softly.
>"Christian, I want to" her face goes bright red.

>"Want to what baby?" I kiss along her jaw.
>"Want to Be with you." Her eyes are closed, and I trace her jawline with my lips down to her neck.

>"You are with me Ana." I kiss down her neck slowly.
>"Christian!" A slightly growl escapes Ana's lips in the form of my name.

>"Yes Ana?" I pull back to look at her.
>"Be with you Intimately."

>"Your wish is my command." I pick her up and place her on the bed and look down at the canvas in front of me.

Her eyes are closed, her hands are fidgeting in the sign of nerves, and I know I have to make this memorable.

>"Ana, are you on birth control?" she shakes her head. Damn a no.
>"That's okay, I brought protection." I take the condoms out of my pocket and place them on the bedside tables, she watches my hand as I do so.

>"Oh that's good" She mumbles obviously not amused at my presumption
>"I only started carrying them again this morning, don't worry." I go back to kissing her neck, and the thought of it all went out of my mind. I needed this woman in more ways than one.

I look at her, her eyes are closed she's biting that bottom lip and her hands are in fists beside her. I pull her bottom lip out from her teeth with my hand. "Ana, if you keep doing that I'm not going to be able to control myself." I trace her jaw line, down her neck, following her collar bone, between her breasts, down her waist, over her hips and down her legs and back again. I can feel the nervous energy in her.

>"Please Christian, don't tease" Her eyes open and look deep into my own.
>"I haven't even begun yet. Now, watch me." I trace my hands back down to her waist, I trace my fingertips down her legs and slowly begin to lift her nightgown off her body, making sure I never let my fingertips leave her body. She raises her arms as I remove it from her. Her eyes never leave mine.

Placing her back on the bed, I lean down to kiss along her collar bone, she's slightly whimpering at this stage but she does as she's told and keep eye contact. As I start to slide down her body I kiss every inch of skin I see, softly and slowly. Her lip has come back between her teeth.

>"Anaâ€¦ Your lip." I remind her. She quickly stops biting it, and keeps watching me, her hips are moving ever so slowly. I kiss down past her navel to the beginning of her panties. "Is this okay?"
"Don't stop." She whispers.

>I keep kissing along her stomach, until I pull always and lift her left leg and start kissing up her leg, the closer I got to where she wanted me to be, the slower and more deliberate the kisses were.
I trace my tongue along the inside of her thigh, and with accurate precision, I kiss the top of her pussy, she gasped as I made contact, but as soon as I heard that gasp I pulled away and started the torturous kissing up her other leg.

>She started moaning in protest. "Christian!" I chuckled in her thigh, then softly bit down.
"My dear Anastasia, be patient."

>"No, give me what I want." She's soâ€¦ Domineering, I chuckle again, normally I was the domineering one, in fact she called me the control freak in our interview.
"Well, I can't with your bra and panties in the way." I look into her blue eyes and see determination.

>She moved very quickly and all of a sudden her panties were gone and she was throwing her bra to the ground.
"There you go." She smiles in triumph.

>"Why thank you Anastasia, you're veryâ€¦"
"Excited, is the word you're looking for." Her smile is contagious.

>"Well Milady, your word is my command."<p>

I crawl back between her legs, and kiss her thighs softly, I look up into her blue eyes and slowly, deliberately kiss closer and closer to her pussy, relishing how pink and wet she looks. As she's watching where my lips are going I make a show of sucking on one finger, and going back to kissing.

>I trace my finger in-between her lips, I can feel how swollen her lips are, as I trace I circle her entrance and flick her clit which rewards me with a groan.<p>

I move closer to her pussy and kiss her clit, "tell me how much you want it baby." I blow softly on her wetness.

>"I want it, please!" She's moving her hips to get closer to me, and I press a hand to her hips and apply pressure to keep her there, and she groans in protest.
"You have to keep still if I'm going to do anything." She takes my advice and tries to keep as still as possible.

I slowly move towards her clit again and suck softly, and move a finger to her entrance, her hips have started to stray again, and I push my whole finger inside of her, and suck harder. She starts to buck a little against me, and as I feel how wet she's become I slide two fingers inside of her and start to fuck her with my hands. All I can hear is her saying oh my god, over and over and I smile slightly but go back to the task at hand, her legs start to tense up, her bucking is getting stronger, I stop sucking for a moment and look up her with lust-filled eyes.

>"Are you going to cum baby?" I keep moving my fingers inside of her, harder and harder.
"Fuck, fuck, fuck." The words are coming out slightly jumbled, she's getting closer, I pinch her nipple between my fingers and go back to flicking and sucking her clit.

>"Come for me, give it to me." I move my fingers like a jackhammer and watch as Ana comes apart in front of me, with a cry of ecstasy I keep moving my fingers until we come to a gentle stop.<p>

I move out from between her legs and start to undress myself, unbuttoning my shirt slowly, peeling it from my shoulders, unbuttoning my pants and letting them fall. I take off my briefs my erection on full display, I wrap my hand around it and pump a few times to the thought of what's to come.

>I grab a condom and tear the wrapper between my teeth, and slide it over my hard cock, and climb back between Ana's legs.
"You ready?" I lean down to whisper in her ear.

>"Uh huh" she mumbles; her eyes are tired but excited. That orgasm must have done wonders for her.<p>

I place my cock between her lips, and trace it up to her clit then back down and press slightly in to her and repeat, Ana begins to awaken beneath me, I pin her hands above her head and kiss her neck a few times. My self-control is fading quickly, but I won't go any further until she's more awake. I press a little more into her and groan inside my throat at the warmth surrounding my cock.

>"Ana, are you sure?"
"For fucks sake Christian, YES!" she's pulling against my hands and once she realized my grip was stronger, she tried to move her hips upwards to me.

>I laugh at how demanding she is.
"Your wish is my command."

I push myself into her entirely, and moan at how hot and wet she is. I kiss her passionately on the lips and release her hands and grab her waist, her hands go around my neck.

>I pull out and thrust myself back in hard, she moans loudly and pushes back.
"Fuck me Christian, don't be gentle I'm not glass!" she keeps trying to move beneath me.

>"As you wish" I pull out instantly, and thrust back in a little harder and continue to do so on a consistent basis.<p>

We're both breathing heavy, I'm thrusting into her hard she's pushing back just as hard, her hands run into my hair and pull slightly, the pain and the pleasure are unbelievable. I bite her neck and press my nails into her hips.

>"Ana, I'm going to turn you around now." I pull out of her and she flips herself over onto her knees and sways her hips in front of me. I smack her ass and watch it redden underneath me, then bite where I smacked. "Fuck your ass is unbelievable." I grab her hips and thrust my cock back into her waiting pussy hard. She moans loudly and I slide a hand around her and start playing with her clit as I'm fucking her.<p>

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Her head goes towards the pillow; she's moaning every time my cock thrusts into her.

>"Are you going to cum Ana?" I bite the back of her neck and thrust into her harder and faster, I need her to finish.
"Fuuuuuuuck, Christian!" her whole body has tensed up beneath me, and went into a spasm, knowing she's finished I start to fuck her fast, stop playing with her clit and grabbed her shoulders for leverage.

>"Ana, I'm about to cum." I feel her hands playing with herself and it throws me overboard, I thrust in her a couple more times blowing my load, I pull out and collapse next to her, breathing heavily.
"Fuck, that wasâ€¦" I breathe.

>"Indescribable."
"I agree." I pull Ana close to me so her head is on my chest and run my hands through her hair. "Go to sleep Ana,

you're exhausted." She pulls the blanket up around her and soon starts to drift to sleep with me following soon after. What a night to behold.

* * *

><p>I would like to thank the guest that pointed out an error I didn't notice after reading the story 3 times.
I know I may be going a tad fast but I like to write a chapter every day or two.

>This is why I ask for you let me know my mistakes, it's very much appreciated.
**

7. Chapter 7

Chapter Seven.

APOV.

Soon after falling asleep I started to dream of the copper haired boy, once again Jasmine was playing on the floor with blocks this time, and I sat on the couch watching her with amusement when I hear the boy's footsteps in the hallway. He's holding a blanket in his hands and sucking his thumb, he looks so frightened with his deep green eyes wide while he looks at me, all I can do is motion for him to sit behind my legs. I watch him uncertainly crawl behind my legs and cover himself with his blanket and once again I run my hands through his messy hair and soothe him to sleep.

I stretch as the sun hits my eyes, and realize my whole body is sore, smirking I slowly open my eyes and gaze upon the wonder of Christian, he's once again wrapped his whole body around my own, breathing deeply.

>I trace my fingers along his collar bone and lean in close to quickly kiss his lips, to my surprise he kisses back, and pulls me in closer.
"Oh Ana, I had a wonderful night." He whispers into my ear, his hands trail their way to my legs and he places them against his hips and presses himself against me. "In fact Ana, I'd like to have a wonderful morning as well." He chuckles into my neck and bites down softly.

>"Mm? Would you now?" I start to rock against him, and snake my hand down his stomach to his rock hard cock and as I pull away for a moment, I press it against my entrance and push myself back down.
I throw my head back and moan as he fills me entirely.

>"Fuck Ana, you're so tight." He starts to continuously thrust into me, grunting every so often as he does. I kiss him passionately and I could feel the familiar slow bubble build inside my body, I begin to tense up and run my nails down his back.
"Fuck. Ana. Cum." He grunts out between thrusts I feel his teeth nip my neck, his hands are gripping my thighs hard his nails slightly biting into my skin, I feel him stretching me with every push.

>I moan out his name as the bubbling inside of me becomes too much, my whole world spins.
The minute he feels me cum around him, he quickens his pace and pushes me further into the bed, I feel the bubble begin again, this time it's coming quickly, his short, shallow, lightening quick thrusts are hitting all my right spots.

>"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Is all I can manage out of my mouth, with three

final thrusts, I feel him explode inside of me, he collapses and breathes into my neck.<p>

I trace my patterns down his back with my fingertips, and I kiss his neck. His breathings slowly coming back to normal.

>"Hey Christian, did you use a condom?" I whisper into his ear.
"Oh shit." He lifts himself off me and looks down at the sticky mess between our legs.

>"Oh wellâ€¦ I can always go get an after pill when we get up." I shrug, I really don't want a baby with him just yet.
"Good idea, too early for babies." He nods and gets out of bed after giving me a quick kiss, and I watch him walk to the bathroom with a phone to his ear, I'm assuming he's calling Taylor to get the pill.

I follow him to the bathroom and rest against the door and watch him on the phone, his hands were in his hair, a stern look on his face. He glances at me and smiles, then points to the shower. I nod and turn on the shower, occasionally sticking my hands in the water to feel the temperature. I wait until the water is hot enough to slightly sting my skin and get in, feeling the water rush over my skin as I close my eyes and begin to think off all the world's problems and how I could fix them as most people do.

"You look content." Christian steps into the shower and wraps his arms around my waist and gives me a quick but heated kiss.

>"Oh I am. I'm sore in all the right spots." I kiss back but pick up the shower gel and begin lathering it in my hands.
"I could imagine." I put some gel in his hands too and he mimics my movements.

>"Now, I'm lathering myself up, or we'll never get out of here." We both laugh at the comment but he ultimately agrees.
"Oh, Ana. Would you and Jasmine like to come to my parent's house for lunch today? I know it's a little late notice but I didn't know how to ask before." He's not looking at me while he's asking, obviously if I say no to him he'll be upset.

>"Of course, I'll text Kate to bring Jasmine home." We finish washing up and I get out of the shower first, immediately putting on a towel, we really don't need any more distractions this morning.
I start to dry my hair while I keep taking peeks at Christian's naked body in the mirror.

With my hair nearly dry Christian finally gets out of the shower, that man had to make sure every single hair on his head had at least 5-6 minutes resting time with the conditioner, but of course he didn't want to leave the warmth of the water. Stifling a giggle, I watch as he looks around for another towel, realizing there wasn't one, he saunters over to me, and kisses my shoulder.

>"Looking very relaxed Miss Steele."
"Why Mr. Grey, I am. Looking for something?" I couldn't help myself before a giggle erupted from my lips.

>"Yep. How'd you guess?" There's a twinkle in his eye which alerted to me how much trouble he was about to get us in.<p>

I feel his fingers tracing down my body, until they got to my towel, which he unwraps from my body, thinking he was about to go further, he just took the towel and walked off into my bedroom. Gob-smacked all I do is watch him.

>I can hear his laughter from here, he obviously thought he was clever, "Christian! Give me my towel back!" I raise my voice, trying to force some authority in the sentence.
"Nope." He's still

laughing. The jerk.

I walk to my bedroom stark naked, and watch as he's got a towel wrapped around his waist, I walk over to him, and press myself against his body.

>"It's too bad you won't give it back, now you don't get to touch me, for the rest of the day." I wink to him and quickly go to change, the look on his face was worth it. Suck on that Grey.<p>

Once I'm dressed in a floral summer dress I get my phone from the bedside table, and call Kate.

*****Hey girl, you uhâ€¦ Have a busy night?" **I could just imagine her waggling eyebrows,

>"**Sure that's one word for it. Where are you?"

>"We're in the reception downstairs, we just got here. Are you twoâ€¦ Decent?"
"Yes Kate, we're decent. Come up, I'll get breakfast ready." **I can hear her choking back her laughter.**

>"**Still Hungry Ana? We already ate." **Oh hah, hah, hah. She thinks she's so funny.

>"**Good, bring her up then." **I hang up the phone, and look towards Christian who's got a huge smirk on his face.

"Jasmine's on her way up. Get dressed." I throw his clothes at him and walk out my bedroom door, all I hear is a mumble of "do I have to?" from Christian. I could honestly lay in bed all day with that man, but if I'm going to impress his family I'm going to need a very clear head.

CPOV

Awakening to Ana's kisses it starting to become the highlight of my life, and most certainly the highlight of my day. Although I'm a little upset about forgetting protection, I'm just glad Taylor knew what plan B was, and was able to get a pill for Ana this morning. Hopefully she's already taken it. I don't need little Christian's running around just yet.

With Jasmine due to arrive any minute I hurriedly get dressed in the clothes I had on last night, we're going to have to stop by Escala before lunch with my parents, in which maybe we could return have Mrs. Jones prepare us something to eat for dinner, watch movies in the theatre roomâ€¦ I shake my head; I'm getting too far ahead for my plans of the day.

I walk out of the bedroom and see Ana sitting at the counter, I walk up behind her and wrap my arms around her waist and rest my chin on her shoulder.

"Did I mention good morning?" I look at what she's playing with in her hands.

>"I think you did this morning." There's a smile playing at the corner of her lips.
"Aren't you going to take that pill?" I unwrap myself, and walk around to the fridge to get some juice out.

>"I will, I'm just thinking that's all." I continue to find a glass and walk over with the glass and juice in my hands.
"Thinking huh? What are you thinking about?" I raise an eyebrow at her.

>"What a Mini-Christian would look like." She blushes like crazy, and I pour the glass of juice and slide it over to her.
"I'd assume similar to myself, and hopefully more like my wife." I look deeply into her eyes. "Now take the pill Anastasia, this isn't the time nor the place to be discussing this." If there's one thing I've always been able to do, is put so much authority into my voice people tend to bend to my will.

>Her eyes go wide, but she immediately does as she's told.
"Good girl." I lean over the counter and kiss her forehead.

Ana starts to chuckle after a few minutes and before I can ask her what she's laughing at I hear little miss Steele outside the door.

>"Hurry up Auntie Kate, Hurrrrrry!" I can just imagine her hopping from foot to foot in impatience.
"yes baby girl, I'm trying." I do them all a favor and go to open the door. Jasmine looks up at me with the biggest smile on her face when the door is finally open.

"Mr. Grey!" She hugs my leg and everyone laughs.

>"MUMMA!" She runs over to Ana and jumps into her awaiting arms.
"Baby girl!" she kisses her all over her face, and the both of them hug tightly.

>Kate and I just look at the both of them and smile, the both of them are a picturesque moment.<p>

"Did you have a good night?" Kate whispers.

>"The best Kate, thank you. The apartment looked fantastic." I wink at her, and give her one of my devilishly charming smiles.
She blushes and stares at the Ana and Jasmine. She loves them, Jasmine like a daughter and Ana like a sister, it's very endearing.

>"Kate, would you like to join us for dinner at my family home?"
Her eyes go wide in shock.

>"Uh sure Christian, what should I wear?"
"Summer dress like Ana would look nice." I mention and walk off towards Ana.

"We need to get Jasmine dressed and leave soon dear." I kiss her forehead and then Jasmine's.

>"Of course." She gets up and ushers Jasmine to her room, I move to sit at the counter to await the three women to finish getting ready. Kate was holding some sort of bathroom bag when she left her room and quickly walked to Ana's.
I pull out my phone to text Elliot.

****Hey brother, I'm taking Kate Kavanagh, Ana and Jasmine to today's lunch. -C**

>Wow, so last night turned into a threesome huh? -E

Why does Elliot have to be such a jerk?

****No Elliot, I was thinking she's pretty, tall, skinny, blonde. You'd like her. -C**

**>Oh sweet man, did you mention it to mom? -E
No, can you? Are you there yet? -C**

**>Yeah I am; I'll tell mom to put another seat out. Her and Mia are going crazy wanting to meet your two girls. I've been trying to calm them down and not drive her off lol. -E
Thanks man, see you soon. The girls are getting ready now. -C**

**>Good luck surviving that. Just tell them all how pretty they are and they won't kill you. -E
Appreciate the advice. -C****

Elliot was right though, when a woman spends any amount of time on herself you tell her she's drop dead gorgeous. Otherwise you end up in the dog house.

>Kate was the first to come out, her long blonde hair was slightly curled, her make-up was natural, however made her eyes much more noticeable, her dress was very similar to Ana's long and flowing, with a soft floral design on it. If I was ever interested in Blondes I'd say Kavanagh was beautiful. But brunettes are more my style.<p>

"You look beautiful Kate." She blushed slightly, and her hands went to her dress.

>"You should see Jasmine and Ana; they definitely outshine me." Her smile was genuine.
"I would argue with you, but I'm definitely biased towards Ana and Jasmine." I give her a polite smile, and she started to laugh softly to herself. Come on Grey, what's getting into you?

Jasmine was the next to walk out, her long brown hair was cascading around her in curls, she had this cute pink summer dress on, and I picked her up when she ran over to me.

>"Well, aren't you just the prettiest little girl I've ever met!" I hold her at arm's length off the floor and smile.
"Mr. Grey, I love my dresses!" she smiles brightly and laughs. I pull her in for a hug and she hugs back.

>"Call me Christian my dear little one."
"Okay Christian." She pushes herself from my arms and goes over to Kate and starts enthusing about how she's the prettiest princess in the whole kingdom, to which we both laugh and nod in agreement.

>Kate gets up and find two hats Jasmine's had a bow on the side.<p>

As I'm watching Jasmine try on her hat and parade around the house like a model I can't help but imagine how well Mia and her are going to get on.

>Kate nudges me with her foot, nods her head in the direction of Ana's bedroom. Real subtle Kavanagh.
I turn to look in that direction, when I breath in suddenly at the sight of Ana. Her dress has changed to a light blue summers dress, it's short sleeved, tight around her bust line which then flows out in soft curves. Her hair was down and had been curled to sit around her face. But the most remarkable thing about Ana was her eyes, Kate obviously did her make-up, she's wearing blue eyeliner which makes her already very blue eyes stand out against her pale skin, with slight blush and pink plump lips make my jaw drop open.

I know I'm staring when she started to blush, "Christian, do you like?"

>I'm up in a heartbeat and I pick her up by her waist and spin her around. "Ana, you are the most gorgeous, delectable woman I've ever had the fortune of laying my eyes upon."
"Oh stop Christian, you can't mean that." I frown instantly when I hear that.

>"You're getting a smacked arse when we get home missy." I whisper in her ear. "And you, you aren't getting out of it." In fact, all I wanted to do was take her into her bedroom and smack her right there, the stupid woman can't honestly believe she's not beautiful.<p>

"Okay lovely ladies, will you all do me the pleasure of accompanying me to Escala, so I can also get changed?" I smile brightly at all

three lovely ladies.

>"Of course" they all beam, Ana collects her hat as well which matches her blue dress, it also has a bow on the side, I'm glad all three women are ready to go with their purses in tow we leave the how and head down stairs to the car.<p>

Once outside I open the door to let Ana put Jasmine inside the car, then Taylor opens the door for Ana and Kate to get inside the car. Before too long we're off to Escala, where I convince Ana to stay inside the car while I quickly go upstairs to change.

>I nearly run to my apartment, I don't bother to look around and just go straight to my bedroom, where thanks to the amazing Mrs. Jones I have an outfit already laid out on the bed.
Dark blue jeans and a white shirt, nice and casual as she knows I like it, I quickly get changed and smile at Mrs. Jones as I leave.

I get back into the car and Taylor starts towards my parent's house.

>"Now ladies, I need to let you know now, my mother and sister have kind of gone all out today." I look at Ana in the side mirror, she really is beautiful.
"Oh really? As in baby books and embarrassing stories?" Ana snickers.

>"I hope not, but it wouldn't surprise me. So don't run okay?" I look in the back seat and wink at Ana and Jasmine, who both giggle in response. "Also Kate, my brother Elliot has asked to be your chaperone for this lunch, I'm sure you've heard of Elliot Grey before." Her eyebrow raises and her phone immediately comes out.<p>

I'm positive she's googling him now, all she'll find is information on the construction company he runs, which I also have a part in as well, some information on some women he's dated but most importantly she'll see a picture of the blonde idiot. He's slept his way through Seattle so women tend to find him attractive, but honestly we couldn't be more different.

>Where I'm formal and reserved Elliot is casual, boisterous even, he has blonde hair and I have copper brown hair. Although it's to be expected since we're both adopted.<p>

The girls are whispering to each other in the back, Ana's started to fidget so she's obviously nervous. But since I've never taken a woman or girl home my parents will love her no matter what, and that's put my mind at ease.

Closing my eyes and listening to their whispers I relaxed, breathing heavily I started to feel myself falling asleep, jolting awake I look outside the window and notice the gate to my parent's house.

>"We're here ladies." I smile brightly because I can see even from here my mother has gone all out, there are already several cars outside. This Sunday lunch has turned into a family reunion.<p>

Oh what fun we're about to have.

-

**So hi there!

>Thank you so much for the love and support I've gotten with this story, it honestly means the world to me.

****Again, I want to thank those who pointed out some errors, however many times I'm releasing the stories at 3AM Australian time, so needless to say I don't always catch every mistake. ****

****As requested by some members, I've started a pinterest account, in which you can find at preludethenightOr, you can follow me on twitter anoyedprincess****

****As per usual, please review with any feedback or send me private messages.**

>Have a good daynight!**

8. Chapter 8

****Chapter Eight.****

****APOV****

As all of us are sitting in the car, I keep glancing at Christian in the side mirror, and to my delight, he's also looking at me. Christian looked so peaceful when he was resting, although I noticed there were a lot of cars in this particular neighbourhood. I turn towards Kate who's got her eyebrows raised as she's looking out the window, I poke her arm and lean in to whisper in her ear.

"_What's with all the cars_?" I point out the window.
>"It is strange, I came here last week and there wasn't a whole lot of people around, it's too expensive a neighbourhood." She states as if that explains everything.
>"I have a bad feeling..." I know I'm grimacing, but I can't hide it.
>"Tell me about it." she's mirroring my reaction.

As we round the corner, Christian announces that we're here, and Kate and I pull away from our conversation and look at where there's a party going on. That explains the traffic, I wonder if the noise from the party will interrupt with our Sunday lunch.

"Now, I didn't expect this but my mothers thrown a family get together." Christian says bluntly.
>"This is your families house?" Kate and I both look shocked.
"Yes, this is where I grew up." It's so matter of fact. Most people tend to smile when thinking about their childhood memories.
>"Oh. Good thing we dressed nicely." Kate whispers, she's used to these types of crowds since her family is of a similar calibre as Christian's, but me... I'm raised by a middle-class man, I know nothing about etiquette.<p>

I know I'm starting to fidget, I can't help the nerves which are starting to grow in the pit of my stomach. Kate prods me with her elbow, and motions for me to breathe in and breathe out. I do as I'm told and it helps me relax a little bit. Taylor pulls the car up to the gates and buzzes to let someone know to let us in, after 30 seconds or so, the gates open and I get a look at the house for the first time.

The hedges around the property are perfectly manicured, but the house itself was a brilliantly white, with large windows. It reminded me of

a Victorian house, the marble outside the front doors, the long circular drive-way, it was beautiful. However, what was not beautiful was the amount of people around the back of the house, I can see them all walking around the house. I groan inwardly and curse saying yes to coming out today.

Finally after what felt like forever, the car finally came to a stop, and Christian opened the door to get Jasmine out of the car, and Taylor opened the door to allow Kate and I to get out, although I didn't want to budge Kate softly whispered in my ear. "_If you don't get out of your own accord, I'll drag you out myself. I mean it, in front of all these people_." Her eyes say that she means it.

I quickly get out of the car before she has the chance to pull me out anyway, "thank you Taylor" I mumble. He has one of those secret smiles on his face, and I glare openly, which makes him chuckle. Did everyone know but me? No, Kate didn't know, although she was only invited last minute.

***"CHRISTIAN!"** A woman's voice screams out, and a woman my age is running over towards him, he quickly passes Jasmine over to me and I hold her against me. This woman runs into Christian and nearly knocks him to the ground I step back from their embrace, although I'm a little jealous but I try desperately not to show it.
>"Mia! You're back from Paris!" Mia, as in Mia Grey? Oh well that makes me feel a whole lot better.
"Yeah Christian, Mum's around the back entertaining, Dad's trying to hide in his office but mum locked it and took the key, and Elliot should be around here somewhere." Mia turns to look at me.
>"Oh how rude of me! I'm Mia Grey." she smiles the widest and brightest smile I've ever seen.
"Hello! I'm Ana Steele, and this" I motion towards Jasmine, as I put her down "is Jasmine Steele." We both smile in return.

Jasmine is of course amused at how fast Mia ran and Mia was fascinated with her dress, before I knew what was happening they were off walking towards the back of the house, I just know they would be the best of friends.
>"I'm sorry Ana, Jasmine's a little diva and so is Mia. I knew they'd get along like a house on fire." Christian whispers in my ear, we both laugh at what just happened and turn towards Kate.<p>

"Let's find Elliot, I'm sure you two have a lot to talk about." I wink at her, and she straightens up, and winks back.
>As we all walk behind the back of the house, where Christian walks towards a young man.
"Elliot, come here." he motions with his finger. "I want you to meet someone." Elliot walks over to us with another huge smile plastered on his face.
>"Oh? And who am I meeting today?" He looks over to Kate and I.
"Well, apart from all these guests, these two lovely ladies. This is Anastasia Steele and Kate Kavanagh." He motions for us in turn. Elliot pulls me in for a big bear hug which makes us all have shocked expressions on our faces. "Call me Ana." is all I can choke out.
>"Oh dear Ana, thank you for being here today. My brother has a hard time doing a walk of shame." He puts me down, and laughs loudly.<p>

Kate puts her hand out to allow Elliot to take her hand. "You can call me Kate." Oh dear, Elliot's upset Kate.

>"Dear Kate." he bows slightly and brings her hand to his lips. "It's been a pleasure to meet such a beautiful lady. Would you mind if I escort you today?" His eyes sparkle, Christian wraps an arm around my waist and begins to lead me away from that cute interaction.<p>

"Well, he's definitely something." I mutter.
>"Hah, that would be an understatement." Christian laughs, and we keep walking to where a lovely lady with blonde hair is waiting. "Now, this is my mother. She's going to hug you. Be prepared." He keeps laughing.
"She's beautiful." I whisper and he nods.
>"Oh Christian, you came!" Christian's mother comes straight over to us.
"Hello Mother, yes of course I came!" he kisses her cheek, and she beams like a proud mother. Her eyes quickly look over to me, but her smile does not fade. "Mother, this is Anastasia Steele." He pushes me forward a little.
>"Hello Anastasia, I'm so glad you've met my son. My name is Grace." She pulls me in for a hug.
"Please call me Ana, and I'm sorry you're not able to meet my daughter, Mia has taken her somewhere." We all laugh.
>"I apologise for my daughter. Carry come here please!" she motions for her husband. Carry comes over to me, he reminds me of a bookworm to a degree, he's wearing a sweater vest, half framed glasses but his smile is genuine just like Grace's.<p>

"Carry, this is Ana, Ana this is Carry, my husband." Carry also pulls me in for a quick hug.
>"Thank you for coming Ana, it's a pleasure to meet you." he says proudly. whilst in the hug he whispers in my ear "I'm sorry about the guests, I can't control my wife." He chuckles softly, and winks when the hug breaks.
Christian's family are all happy, bright and all very confident, it's a lovely sight to see. When Grace and Carry finally left us, Christian and I were hand in hand I kept squeezing his hand after every single introduction, it was starting to get tiresome.

"We need to find Mia soon, Jasmine's going to need to take a nap." I sigh and whisper to him.

>"Let's find her now then." He whispers back. "If you'd excuse Miss Steele and I," he never waited for a reply to the group we were talking to, and we set off on the grand adventure of finding Jasmine.

>As we kept walking around I was keeping an ear out for Jasmine's loud voice, when all of a sudden I heard a scream and cry. It was a young voice and I started to run in the general direction of it, I didn't care about anyone else at that moment. All I was thinking was of Jasmine, how she might be hurt.<p>

"Mumma!" Jasmine was screaming, I could hear the crying in her voice, I was getting closer now until I could see her through a crowd.

>"Jasmine don't cry, we'll find your mumma." Mia was saying, I could tell her voice was nervous.
I push through the crowd, I didn't apologise which I'm sure I'd come to regret, but I scooped Jasmine into my arms, and held her close. "Jasmine sweetheart, what happened?" My hand runs over her body looking for some defect.

>"That lady pushed me over, and I hurt myself!" she's in tears and my eyes go to where she pointed eyes glaring. She pointed to some tall blonde lady, she's got on a tight black dress, everything about her

screamed self absorbed. "I thought she was Auntie Kate, when I grabbed her leg she pushed me over!" I kiss all her sore spots, and I immediately take her away from the scene of the crime.<p>

"Okay, how about we go ask Grace if we can take a nap upstairs?" I whisper to her, and she just nods. Of course Grace knew young children needed naps, and had a room already prepared for her, it didn't take long for Jasmine to fall minute her eyes were shut I snuck out of her room, my blood was beginning to boil. Christian was outside the room.

>"What happened?" He pulls me aside.
"I'm going to go kill that stupid lady. Get out of my way Christian." I push him away from me.

>"No, you tell me what happened right now Ana." He's staring deep into my eyes.
"Some stupid blonde lady PUSHED her, just because she grabbed her leg. PUSHED a toddler for Christ's sake. I'm going to find her, and tell her what a useless human being she is." I'm beginning to see red.

>"Someone pushed Jasmine?" I can hear the shock in his voice.
"Yes, some blonde lady in a black dress." I push him away again and start down the hallway.

Christian is following me every step of the way, still confused as to how an adult could push a child away. Grace is at the bottom of the stair case, she looks genuinely upset. "I heard what happened Ana, I'm so sorry..." She's on the verge of tears.

>"Don't worry about it Grace, you didn't tell her to." I pat her shoulder but I don't stop walking.
Outside the party is still going on, I'm looking for the blonde, she was easy to spot in a crowd, she has breast implants that were too big on her tiny frame, she obviously had butt implants as well. I'm fuming as I push through the crowd to get to this woman. Her hair was a bleach blonde, her lips a bright red and obviously injected with something, everything about her was fake from her hair down to her toes.

"Oh it's you." She smiles, "Christian has told me so much about you Ana." I can't hide the shock on my face, Christian knew this woman obviously, but he knew her well enough to discuss me. Who is this woman?

>"Yeah well, what he failed to mention was my daughter obviously." I know my reply is short.
"Little Janie was it? I heard she's adorable." She shrugs.

>"Jasmine, her name is Jasmine, what you probably fail to realise is that mothers are extremely territorial and protective over their children.'
"I've heard something like that before." she has a hidden smirk on her face, and it aggravates me more.

>"Fuck you, you're a terrible excuse for a human being. You PUSHED over my daughter, on purpose none the less. All because she mistook you for someone else. You're a stupid fake bitch, I don't give a shit if you know Christian, only heartless bitches would make a child cry and walk away." I'm seeing red, Christian is by my side when he hears me yelling.
"That brat was your child? He clearly over exaggerated her beauty." My fist comes back, and Christian holds my arm to stop me.

>"That BRAT?! If beauty means implants to the point of being more silicon than blood then you're right but that's not the definition. You're barely a woman anymore."
Her eyes are blazing with hatred. "He over exaggerated your beauty too." I'm fighting against Christian I want to rip her head off her shoulders.

"ELENA, Enough!" Christian yells. Her eyes go wide with shock, but quickly hides it.

>"You can't possibly be defending this commoner Christian." she waves her hand towards me, and Christian holds me still.
"Yes, because she's my girlfriend. She's everything I want and need. She's the most beautiful woman in the world." He pulls me away from Elena and walks towards the house. I look back at Elena and poke my tongue out at her, serves the stupid bitch right. We keep walking until I can see a little boat house hidden between some trees. He pushes me inside, he's angry I can tell by his body language, his eyes are dark.

"Ana, I'm so sorry." He walks over to me and hides his face into my neck, I was expecting him to shout or yell but this, this was unexpected.

>It put a halt on my own anger, and I ran my hands through his hair. "Don't be sorry... I shouldn't of caused a scene." I'm close to tears.
"I never dreamt she'd do something like that." He leaves my neck and starts to kiss my lips.

>"Who was she?" I pull away, I need answers.
"Not now Ana, I need you." He starts leading me to a wall.

>"No Christian, who was she?" He picks me up, my legs have gone around his waist, I'm trying to keep my guard up. He groans, obviously trying hard not to go any further.<p>

"That was Elena, we had a sexual relationship when I was 15 years old, it broke off 6 years later, we've become business partners since then." He said it so matter of fact, and then went to kissing my neck.

>"Excuse me? She's a paedophile?" I can't hide the shock, and little bit of anger entering my voice.
"No, I needed her, I thought she was the most beautiful woman at that age, she used me and I used her. Can we stop talking about it?"

>"No, Christian. Why did she act like that?" I put my hands around my neck to stop him.
"Because she expressed a desire to continue a sexual relationship with me, I said no, I'm assuming she's jealous." He shrugged as if that explains everything.

>"I don't want you interacting with her anymore, if you're with me then you're with Jasmine too. And she hurt Jasmine." My eyes are blazing, voice full of authority. "That's the deal. Either drop contact with her or Jasmine and I will never be in your life."<p>

"Fine, it's done." He kisses me hard on the lips and moves my dress from between my legs, only my panties stand in the way of him and me. I wrap my arms around his neck, and kiss back tracing my tongue along his bottom lip.

>After a few minutes of kissing things are starting to get heated, I feel the warmth in the pit of my stomach spreading to all my fingers and toes. He places the corner of a foil packet between my legs and uses that hand to undo his belt and get his already hard cock ready for me. I quickly undo the condom wrapper and slide it over him, I push my panties to the side and go back to kissing him.<p>

"You ready baby?" He whispers against my lips, I bite his bottom lip and kiss him harder and angle my hips to meet him. He takes this as a yes and pushes himself into me.

>"Fuck" I tilt my head back and enjoy the movement of Christian between my legs. Christian is moaning in mouth and I can tell he's just getting started because the thrusts are getting harder and longer.
Moving in perfect unison, I start feeling that bubbling

rising, my legs tighten around him, nails biting into the back of his neck, our tongues dancing together. On of his hands starts sliding up from my waist to my breast and staying there.
>"Fuck Ana, I can't hold on much longer." I push against him, and whisper in his ear.
"Fuck me when I'm bent over against the wall." I bite his neck softly.

He puts me down and flips me over and places a hand on my shoulders forcing me to bend over. "Fuck baby, that ass is amazing." He smack me once, and immediately puts his cock back into me. I curl my toes and feel his hands go into my hair pulling my head back.
>"Fuck. You're. So Big." I grunt out between thrusts, his other hand goes from my hips to my clit rubbing in circles. The bubbling gets more intense, I push back between every thrust, both hands against the wall.
"Fuck, fuck, fuck." I'm getting close, his grip tightens in my hair, hard short shallow thrusts are all I can feel at this point, everything touching my body feels like fire.
>"Fuck. Cum. For. Me." He's grunting between thrusts, all I can do is obey his command, I let go of everything and powerfully cum around him, feeling me tighten around him, he thrusts a couple more times and finishes.
Both breathing heavily he pulls out of me, and puts my panties back in place and fixes my dress, then fixes himself.

"You're amazing baby." He pats my ass and kisses my cheek.
>"You're not so bad yourself." I smile at him and start heading towards the door.
"Get rid of all your anger?"
>"Yes, thank you. We both walk out of the boat house hand in hand.
When we re-joined the party Grace was not nearly as enthusiastic as before, and although everyone saw my outburst everyone was polite enough not to comment about it. Christian had walked over to get us some drinks, I kept looking at his ass, it was so delicious in those jeans.

Mia was joined at my hip now, talking my ear off about the fashion in Paris, all I could do is nod because I didn't understand half the words.
>"Hey Ana, I'm sorry about earlier. I didn't know how to handle that situation." I hold her hand between mine and squeeze softly.
"Please don't feel bad, if Christian wasn't there I might of hit that woman." I shake my head free of the bad thoughts.
>"I saw your fist coming up, you could of taken her." She smiles brightly.
"Hah, thanks Mia. You're a darl." I kiss her cheek and go to find Christian, she blushes.

I walk towards the bar, and notice stupid blonde bitch is touching Christian's arm and laughing a little too falsely. I walk straight up to them, and place myself between them.
>Her eyes are boring holes into the back of my head, I pull his head down to my level by placing a hand at the back of his neck and kissed him a few times.
"I'm ready to go home now baby." I completely ignore Elena.
>"Uh yes baby." He stutters, I obviously through him off guard, he wraps his arm around me as we go to collect Jasmine to head home.<p>

****Today didn't go as expected.****

Chapter Nine.

****CPOV****

Today really didn't go as I planned, I wanted just a quiet get together with my family where they could politely harass Ana about her likes and dislikes, where I could watch Ana gush about her pride and joy, not some stupid get together for the family to gawk, and our 'friends' to insult her.

In the car Taylor has his lips set into a line, he'd watched what happened and only due to me giving him a look to stay out of it, did he not interfere. Elena was out of line for how she treated Jasmine and Ana, she's going to take it even worse tomorrow when I call her to my office to tell her the news of me taking my name out of her company. No more financial support can do a lot to a person.

Ana hasn't talked to me since she kissed me in front of Elena, we're heading to Escala now but with her in this mood I just know there's going to be a fight, women tend to get argumentative when they're in a bad mood.

"We are here sir." Taylor mummurs, he gets out and opens the door for Ana, and I get Jasmine out of the car.

"Thank you Taylor, you can head to my apartment and then head home." Jasmine's snoring softly, under normal circumstances I would've chuckled at how cute it sounded, but not now, not today.

Before Taylor is allowed to knock off for the day, he runs over my apartment to make sure it's safe, it's what helps me sleep at night. Although with Ana around now, hopefully she'll be what helps me sleep at night, if she wants to stay.

After an awkward elevator ride up, I take Jasmine to the spare room next to my own, and tuck her into bed, I kiss her forehead before I leave the room. She's still snoring softly, Ana is leaning against the doorway smiling as she's watching the exchange.

"You're really good with her." Once again those eyes bore into my own.

"She warms my heart." I reply with a smile creeping onto my lips.

I walk towards her and wrap my arms around her waist and pull her into my body, resting my head into her neck.

"I hated today." I whisper.

"It wasn't great." she admits.

I groan. "I just wish I could make it better. I'm not used to feeling so... Useless."

I feel her hand go into my hair and play with my messy locks. "You do."

I pull away and look into her very blue eyes. She unravels herself from me and pulls me away from the door. "Shall we watch a

movie?"

"A movie? where?" Her eyebrow raises in curiosity.

"My bedroom, or the theatre room?" I shrug.

"Mm.. Your bedroom sounds good."

I link my fingers with hers and guide her to my bedroom, it's a big room very much like the rest with a king bed in the centre, it faces a wall in which there's a 65" TV wall mounted. I let go of her hand and playfully bounce on the bed, and lie back staring at the white ceiling. Ana follows me suit and lands beside me, I pounce on her hovering over her body beneath me.

"Well, if it isn't a wild Ana." She's laughing, and smiling boldly, and I know I am too. This girl does things to me. "I wonder if she's ticklish" I instantly start to tickle her sides, making her burst into a fit of giggles.

"No! No! NOOOOOO!" She's screaming out while laughing.

"I don't understand Ana!" I laugh out, but slow down on my tickle attack.

"I'll do anything stooooop." She pushes herself out of my arms.

"Anything?" I raise an eyebrow.

"Yeah, like I'll pick the movie!" she jumps out of bed.

"Ask Mrs. Jones where they are!" I yell out after her, and put my hands behind my head as I lie down to await her return.

After a few moments I notice myself starting to drift off.

_She's lying on the couch again, she doesn't look very happy anymore. Mummy keeps staring at the wall, never saying anything and never moving. Why won't Mummy play with me anymore? My tummy rumbles and it's starting to hurt, but I knew better than to ask Mummy.

>There's a loud noise as the front door bursts open and I run to hide under the table with my blankie, blankie keeps me safe from that bad man.
So many people are coming through my door, I hear them yelling as they run towards the couch, I instantly run out from under the table. "NOOOO DON'T TOUCH MY MUMMY!" I scream at the top of my lungs. I kick and punch at the person who grabs me, don't touch me! I feel them tighten their grip around me, I'm screaming at the top of my lungs, it hurts! No! Stop!_

I jolt awake and I'm covered in sweat, Ana is staring at me a hand hovering above me. I haven't had a dream like that in weeks, my breathing is erratic.

>"Christianâ€¦|." all she can do is whisper.
"What? You going to pity me too?" I sit up and rest my head in my hands.

>"What? No of course not. Are you okay?" She's gone into mother mode.<p>

"Do I look okay? Of course not. I'm fucked Ana." My blood begins to

boil under my skin, why did my mother fuck me up so much? Why did she let herself die?

"You're not fucked up Christian."

>"Oh get fucked. You don't know shit about me." I push away from her and immediately walk out of my room and head towards the gym down stairs.<p>

How dare she? She doesn't know my pain, she doesn't understand how I can never be happy.

****APOV****

I watch him walk out of the room, I stare at the ground and softly cry into my hands. I felt helpless watching him fail about the bed, screaming don't touch my Mummy! How was I to know about his childhood? All I knew was about his adoption. Why was he adopted?

>I shake my head, square my shoulders and walk out his room towards where Jasmine was sleeping.<p>

Mrs. Jones has come out and looks worried.

>"Another nightmare?" She acts like a second mother to him.
"Yes, Jasmine and I are leaving now. Can you get Mr. Taylor to take us home?" I keep the emotion out of my voice.

>"Yes of course Miss Steele." She walks away and hopefully she's going to do as I ask.<p>

I pick Jasmine up and rest her head against my shoulder.

>"Mummy?" she whispers.
"Yes baby, keep sleeping. We're going home." She mumbles okay and goes back into a deep sleep.

Waiting for the elevator was the hardest, because it felt as if I was ending the relationship now, he'll call me when he's ready but I won't let my daughter rest in the same house as a man who tells me to go fuck myself.

I place Jasmine into her car seat and get into the front seat, Taylor is void of emotion as well.

>"Thank you Taylor." I whisper.
"I wish you wouldn't go Miss Steele." He sighs.

>"I can't stay there, not tonight. Can you tell him to call me when he's ready to talk calmly?"<p>

It was a quiet trip to my apartment, Taylor was kind enough to open my door for me and help me with Jasmine.

>"Thank you for everything Taylor." I give him a one-sided hug.
"You're very welcome Miss Steele." It feels like goodbye.

I head straight for my apartment, hoping Kate's not home just yet. As I unlock the door I notice soft music coming from Kate's bedroom.

There's a man in there with her, that's the tell tale sign.

>I take Jasmine into my bedroom and tuck her into my bed, and crawl in beside her and softly start crying into my pillow. Eventually I fall asleep.<p>

"_Oh get fucked. You don't know shit about me." I watch him walk out the door. _

Last nights dream kept replaying, he told me to go in a way. What

women would stay after being told to fuck herself? I look at the ceiling in the darkness, Jasmine's soft snoring is very soothing I roll over and cuddle my little girl as I drift back into sleep.

"_Yes, because she's my girlfriend. She's everything I want and need. She's the most beautiful woman in the world." _

I wake up with a jolt, I lay still until I could hear Jasmine's snoring still, that girl has slept for a long time, it must of been a really big day for her. I look at the clock on my bedside table. 7AM, I creep out of bed and head for the kitchen. I think I'll prepare homemade pancakes today.

I start laying my ingredients out on the counter, and notice Kate's door open, I automatically look in that direction by habit.

I notice a tall blonde haired man come out of her bedroom and hastily putting on a shirt, as we lock eyes I can feel my mouth open in surprise.

>"Oh hi Elliot." I whisper. "Sneaking out?"
"Tell her I had a meeting to go to please." He looks guilty. "Ana, I didn't mean to sleep with her."

>"Didn't mean to? What did you do, slip on a banana peel and fall in?" I raise an eyebrow.
He laughs softly. "No not exactly, got blind drunk and made a mistake. She's your best friend. My brother would kill me if he found out. He's quite taken with you."

I drop my eyes to the empty mixing bowl in front of me.

"What happened Ana?" He rests his hands over mine, I didn't even notice him walking towards me.

>"Heâ€| He had a nightmareâ€| He told me to essentially fuck myself." I feel the tears in my eyes.
"Anaâ€| I'm sorry you had to witness that. Can we have lunch today and I'll explain everything." I look into those blue eyes and realise that Elliot was a kind man.

"I don't think that's wise Elliot. You better run, Kate's waking up." I motion for the door.

"Will you tell her I had a meeting?"

>"Sure Elliot. But if you aren't interested say something now please." I have my mumma face on.
"I'll think about it Ana." He kisses my cheek and darts out the door.

Oh Kate what did you get yourself into?

****KPOV****

I stretch in bed feeling all those delicious sore spots, that man fucked like a god, I move my hands onto his side of the bed and find it empty. That fucker ran out on me.

>I'm up in a flash, quickly putting on some pyjamas that were on the floor, flinging my door open I see him leave just as I leave my bedroom.<p>

"What the fuck Ana, why did you let him go?" she whispers by habit.

>"He had a meeting Kate, what was I supposed to do?" She's pouring ingredients into a mixing bowl.
"Yes, you should of handcuffed him

and kept him here." I'm frowning, I nearly slam myself down onto the counter stools.

>"Very mature Kate. Can be careful please, you'll wake Jasmine."
She's got that adorable stern expression on her face again, I poke my tongue out at her, that'll show her my maturity.<p>

"Where's handsome anyway?" I waggle my eyebrows.

"He's not coming over." Her voice was flat.

>"What happened?"
"He said some mean things, and he needs to apologise and explain what was running through his mind before I ever let him see Jasmine again. She needs someone consistent, she doesn't need some asshole with a bunch of money jumping in and out of her life. I will not give her my childhood."

I watch this gorgeous woman cooking and realise she's hurt quite a lot.

>"Oh hunny, want me to kick his ass?"
"No, go have a shower and wake Jasmine up please. Pancakes will be ready soon." She gives me a soft smile but I can see all the pain behind her eyes.

I walk straight to my room and get my phone out to text Elliot.

What's your brother's number? I need to talk to him about Ana. And good luck in the meeting. - K

It's 380-555-4265 there's more to the story than meets the eye Kate. Don't abuse him. - E

Abuse him? She cried herself to sleep last night. -K

He probably did too. -E

**Oh yeah, the big mean Christian Grey cry? Puhlease. -K

>Hey, that's my brother you're talking about. Yeah he plays an emotionally void business man but, he's a sensitive guy. Leave him alone Kate, or you won't be with me ever again Kate.
-E

**Threatening an end of a relationship before it began? Real mature.
-K

>Not threatening Kate. -E

Screw you. -K

Maybe another time. -E

I'm fuming, why do the Grey boys have to be such ass's? I put Christian's number into my phone and prepare a long angry text message.

**What did you do to her Grey? -K

>Who the hell is this? -C

**Kate Kavanagh. -K

>What happened to Ana? -C
She cried herself to sleep and said she's not seeing you ever again until you apologise and explain what the hell last night was about -K

>Fuck, seriously? -C
Yes, what the fuck did you do? -K

>None of your business. -C

****Go fuck yourself Grey. Stay away from Ana, she's been through enough without your up and down emotional bullshit. She's a good woman and a good mother, she doesn't want some man who can't decide if he wants to be in Jasmine's life or not, she will not repeat her childhood to Jasmine. -K****

****I'll be over this afternoon, make yourself scarce. -C**

**>No. -K
Fine, have it your way. -C****

Although fuming, I put on a bright face for Jasmine, she's my little niece and I love her like my own, she fights me like she normally does in the morning.

>"Hi princess." I kiss her cheek.
"Hi auntie Kate." she pushes my face away from her.

>"Time to wake up darling."
"No, bed time" she rolls over.

I'm laughing and I grab her and pull her out of bed, even though she's struggling against me, I get her undressed and pop her into the shower with me. This isn't the first time Ana or I has forced Jasmine to shower with us. Making sure she's thoroughly lathered up and her hair has been cleaned we can finally get out.

She still fights against me to get dressed but after slipping on a matching onesie to my own Jasmine and I head out into the kitchen, only to be greeted by a mountain of homemade pancakes, which we both happily tuck into. Ana really is the best Mumma in the whole wide world.

"All filled up my munchkins?" Ana laughs at how quickly Jasmine and I polished off the pancakes.

>"Yep Mumma! All filled up!" she rubs her stomach.
"Me too!" I mimic Jasmine.

"Good my dears. How about we watch movies all day and eat bad food and have a girly day?"

Jasmine screams in delight and runs into the living room to start prepping the movie list.

>"What did you do Kate?" Ana is staring at me.
"Me?"

>"Yes you. You texted Christian and now he 'wants to talk" Oh that stare is turning into a glare.
"I don't know what you mean.." I say innocently enough.

>"Don't screw with me Kavanagh."
"I told him to back off you." I shrug.

>"WHY? I was dealing with it. He was going to come crawling back, but you had to interfere." She's pointing a finger at me.
"He hurt you!"

>"So are you right now." She shakes her head and walks off to the living room.<p>

Was it really the wrong thing to do? All I want is for her to be safe.

****CPOV****

I can't believe the nerve of Kavanagh, I didn't sleep at all last night too afraid the nightmare was going to return, I get up from my bed and go through my usual morning routine, I hastily get dressed in

whatever Mrs. Jones had laid out in front of me and call Taylor.

>"Get the car ready to head to Miss Steele's." I hang up afterwards and move towards the Kitchen.<p>

"Mrs. Jones, can you prepare some toast for me?"

>"Of course Mr. Grey would you like some fruit?"
"No. Just toast thank you." I turn towards my phone and start flicking through emails, everything that's been addressed to me can be dealt with my Ross.

I call Ross before I head out.

>"Ross."
"Mr. Grey, what do I owe the pleasure?" Her smart ass attitude is what's gotten her so far in my company.

>"Ross I'm about to forward you a bunch of work. Get it done and have the report emailed to me by the end of the day."<p>

"Sure boss, anything else?"

>"Keep doing what you're doing."
"You sound like my wife." She laughs as she hangs up.

I take the slice of toast on my place and immediately head towards the carpark where Taylor is waiting, breakfast on the go. Taylor didn't say anything the whole car ride over, he knew better than to second guess my decisions. Ana was about to get a stern talking to. I get out of the car the minute it's stopped and race up the stairs to her apartment, I can already feel myself getting worked up.

I pound my fist against the door. "Coming" Ana's voice sings out. She opens the door and her smiling expression falls. "Oh, hello." She doesn't move herself from the doorway, obviously signalling I'm not welcome.

>"Oh hello to you too." No smile.
"How can I help you Christian?" Arms folded across her chest.

>"Join me outside for a moment please?"
"Of course." She partially closes the door behind her as we stand outside in the plain hallway.

"You left last night."

>"Yes, what of it?"
"Why?"

>"You said get fucked. You don't know shit about me. You were right, I don't know anything about you Christian, and I got fucked by leaving your apartment." Her eyes are angry.

"I was angry at myself Ana." I can feel my anger leaving my body.

>"Oh sure, that was evident." She rolls her eyes, how much I want to hold her against me and smack her ass for rolling those eyes.
"I'm positive it wasn't, however I've got issues Ana."

>"I noticed, so do I. I'm not rude to others though."<p>

"I'm sorry Ana, when you left I went crazy wanting to chase you down but my pride not allowing me too. I knew you'd need to cool down, and I did too. Would you like to know what I dreamt of?" her eyes are staring deeply into mine.

>"Only if you want to because you want to share, not because you believe it'll keep me around." She always know exactly what to say.<p>

"I dreamt about my mother's death." Her eyebrow raised, for once

someone doesn't pity me. "When I was four years old, my mother died from an overdose. Her pimp found her first and left straight away locking me in the room with my dead mother. The police were eventually informed, and they forced their way into the home, I hid beneath a table at first until they touched her. I remember kicking and screaming, and I went berserk when they touched me." I'm not looking at her as I talk, my voice barely more than a whisper.

>"Her pimp used to use my skin as his personal ashtray, I was very malnourished when I met Grace, she was my doctor at the hospital and once the 30 odd days had gone for a relative to claim me they legally adopted me."<p>

I found myself on my knees in front of this woman, I was staring at the floor. One of her hands found their way to my cheek forcing me to look up at her, there still wasn't pity but there was love in her eyes.

>"Christian, I understand you've had a hard background and I can't imagine how it's impacted your life, but you hurt me yesterday. I took Ana from your place because my mother flittered from man to man and I will not subject that to Jasmine, I need to know you won't treat me as some object you can throw away when you're angry, upset or simply bored of me."
"Ana, I'll try my hardest to not hurt you again. Even if it's the last thing I ever do, I'm here on my knees begging for your forgiveness."

"Christian, I'll forgive you. But I need today for myself and my family, you should spend yours with your family." She leans down and kisses my forehead and goes back inside.

>Never has a woman sent me away, I stare at her while she heads inside. She needs time, I can understand that. I get up from my knees and head downstairs, back to Taylor.<p>

Once inside the car, Taylor turns to look at me with sad eyes, pity is never far around the corner.

>"Where to Mr. Grey?"
"Let's go visit John." He nods in agreement and we're on our way.

****Never has a woman had so much control over my feelings since that woman. ****

10. Chapter 10

I deleted the info page and decided to upload it to this chapter, so sorry if this is re-hashing for you.

I'm very sorry so many of disliked the last chapter, I know from reading fanfictions for myself I didn't like it when they didn't take the character in the direction I wanted however, I never insulted the writer for their take on the character and certainly never swore at them, so please keep in mind I do find some unnecessary comments hurtful and I implore you to leave constructive criticism but also to remember there's several ways to the story could or could not go, no one thing is ever set in stone.

Also, the decision for Ana to leave was a brave and mature thing for her to do as a mother, because a mother's love and intuition are one of the greatest gifts human's possess, for a woman to stick around after being told to essentially screw herself by a man she's only

known for two days regardless of his mental status is crazy to me.

>Christian was angry, he was vulnerable which he's never been with a woman since his mother. Also he's only known her two days and is completely new to these feelings and doesn't trust them since he has trust issues.<p>

In terms of the nightmares/night terrors, if you read the four books Christian always had clarity a short while afterwards and while this story is somewhat based in reality, ultimately things will never be 100% correct and I do appreciate any information that is available.

Also Kate has a huge role to play in her family dynamic which I will touch more on in the coming chapters, she's had a whole shift her in life due to the fact she still has lots of unresolved feelings about what happened to Ana, and how she feels she needs to be in Ana's life to essentially make up for her mistakes. Butting in to Ana's life was the only way she felt she could control the situation which was ultimately incorrect but I had to show her struggling to come to terms with how her life is changing too.

So I'm sorry this chapter is short, I felt with this being a huge chunk of the chapter I'd give you a break, also I'm starting a new job which I have to get up super early for I'm too tired of an evening.

>So please, do keep in contact, do keep reviewing and I promise I'll dedicate my lunchtimes, snack times and afternoons to updating chapters as frequently as possible.<p>

As always, thank you and have a good day/night.

-Annoyed Princess.

****Chapter Ten****

****CPOV****

I'm sitting in a waiting room in this awful green chair, a doctor's waiting room is hardly ever comfortable. There's a red head reading a magazine beside me when I realise Kavanagh's interview is centre page, the minute she sees a picture of me I watch the comical reaction of her looking at the paper then back at me several times.

>"Yes, I'm that Christian Grey." Shake my head, a woman really shouldn't be so obvious. She stares at me wide eyed, blushes furiously and skips to the next page in her magazine to afraid to say anything to me.<p>

"Christian, come in please." John calls from the door way, I get out of my chair and casually walk towards John.

>"John." I mutter before I head inside towards my normal spot, the side of the loveseat in the middle of the room.<p>

"So what can I do for you today?"

>"John, I've had a troubling couple of days." I always stare at my hands in this room, John makes me feel strange, almost ashamed of some of my actions although I'd never show it.
"tell me about Christian, what happened?"

>"Well as you'd know I met a woman two days ago."<p>

"Yes, you called me when you found out some sensitive information about her."

>"Yes, well my fears were undeserved at that point."
"How so?"

>"I slept with her."
"You did?" Shock, that was expected.

>"I did. It was vanilla, and I haven't felt more content then I was right there."<p>

"Did you ever think that maybe you were content because she's filling a deep need within you? You were adopted and although Grace gave you a mother figure, you were always longing for your birth mother."

>"I don't see what she has to do with it."
"Christian, I know you're not that oblivious."

>"Excuse me?"<p>

"You're replacing the idea of your birth mother with Ana."

>It was my turn to be shocked, people just don't do that.
"It's common for people to look for qualities of their parents in potential mates." He says blatantly.

>"Not me, Ana is not some crack whore."
"What other qualities did your mother have?"

>"None."<p>

"You know you're lying to yourself Christian."

>"Fine. The very few memories I have of my mother before the crack addition, was the smile she used to give me, I remember her bringing my blanket home, the cars I used to play with in the living room. I remember how beautiful I found her."<p>

"Does that remind you of anyone? That love she had for you?"

>"It reminds me of how Ana looks at Jasmine..." I whisper.
"So you've found a woman with a child who reminds you of your mother not only in terms of looks which you've always had a fondness for, but also is allowing you to re-live your childhood."

>"I don't see how you made that connection."<p>

"Christian, you've always had sexual relationships with women who resembled the look of your mother, and using BDSM you dominated the idea of your mother which in a sense was you controlling your childhood when you had no control what-so-ever. Having Ana you've already admitted she's a good mother so you're starting to relinquish control of your childhood and allowing yourself to move on. This is a good thing Christian."

"Huh, I guess that makes sense." My hands are in fists, I trace my vein with a fingertip.

>"So what happened to Ana to make you come see me?" This whole time he's been scribbling down notes in a notepad I've become very familiar with.
"I had a nightmare..."

>"What was the nightmare about?"
"The usual nightmare, the police, my mother, screaming..." It's all but a whisper.

>"What does Ana have to do with your nightmare Christian?"<p>

"I woke up, she was trying to comfort me. I flipped out John."

>"Flipped out?"
"Yes, I told her to essentially fuck off."

>"I'm assuming she didn't react well."
"She took Jasmine and left me..."

>"She had a very good reason to Christian."
"Good reason? Like I would ever hurt that child."

"I know that, you know that, but she doesn't know that. How could she Christian? As far as she knew you could turn around a hurt her or Jasmine, she's run a marathon in her lifetime too. Take into consideration how Jasmine was conceived."

>"I didn't think of that..."
"I didn't think you did, you're normally very good at thinking through scenarios, however you're currently confused and in new territory. Ana would be terrified of men to begin with, being a virgin and experiencing what she did would of left a mark on her, allowing someone new into her and her child's life is new territory for her too."

"I would never hurt her..."

>"I know Christian, what happened after she left?"
"Her roommate texted me essentially telling me to back off and leave Ana alone, and she was crying because of what I did."

>"How did that make you feel?"<p>

"It felt as if a knife was plunged into my stomach and twisted. I wouldn't ever want to experience it again."

>"I understand, knowing we've hurt loved ones is heartbreaking."
"I agree."

>"So you're texting her roommate then what happened?"
"I went to her apartment." I shrug.

>"Which ended badly?"
"Yes, she said she forgave me, but she closed the door on me and said she needed time. I went straight to you."

"She will need time, let her cry for the day and night, let her get all her feelings out to her roommate that's what people do. Then call her tonight and ask if you can see her tomorrow, if she says no then accept it and let her know she can call you for anything. I know you're going to struggle with that assignment however, I would like you to bring Ana here so I can talk with her, and after we can do a group session the three of us."

>"Okay John, I guess that's all we can do right now."<p>

"Indeed Christian." we both stand. "I look forward to seeing you soon, and please email me with any questions or call."

>"Of course John. I'll be in contact with you."
"Although I don't want to leave Ana to wallow in this situation but I'll do as John suggests, even if it kills me."

****APOV****

"Who was that?" I hear Kate's whisper behind me.

>"Didn't your mother teach you it's rude to listen into people's conversations?"
"yes, but I didn't listen. Who was it?"

>"Christian." I narrow my eyes at her, she really is nosey.
"What did he want?"

>"To make sure I'm okay, and wanting forgiveness which I gave."
"You always were too soft."

>"I'm not too soft, I'm understanding. What if Christian was there after what I went through? I told you to screw yourself more then once."<p>

"Yes, but I deserved it."

>"No, you didn't. He's got issues so do I, the mother in me tells me to accept that and move on. I couldn't stay there when he was losing control, my first and foremost attention and protection goes to Jasmine."
"I'm sure he wouldn't hurt Jasmine..." She whispers.

"And how could you know that? What do we know about Christian? Only what the tabloids tell us."

>"I agree." She pulls me in for a hug.
I mumble against her a small protest "let's go back to Frozen before little miss comes out singing." we both laugh and go back to my little slice of heaven.

>After a few hours of watching several different Disney flicks, Jasmine eventually fall asleep Kate and I leave the living room and enter the kitchen.
"Kate, I really like this man it's true, but I'm worried about getting too involved with no idea of knowing who he is."

>"I understand that, what if you ask Ray to watch Jasmine and we'll go on a double date with the brothers?"
"That's a good idea." I agree, and go to my phone to text Ray.

****Hey Daddy, I've got a favour to ask. -A****

>What's up kitten? -R

>Would you mind watching Jasmine tomorrow night and bring her up the following afternoon? -A

>Of course I'll look after little blip. What time should pick up be? -R

>Her bedtime is around 6, so 4? -A

>Sounds good, I'll juice and dine the little miss. -R

>I'm sure she'll love it. Miss and love you -A

>Miss and love you both -R

"Ray agreed to watch Jasmine." I can feel myself smiling.

>"That's good, so tomorrow night?" Kate's eyes widen.
"Tomorrow. Let me call Christian." I wink at her and walk to my bedroom and she does the same.

>"Christian Grey's phone." A woman answered.
"Oh hello, my name's Ana I'm looking for Christian?" I can feel myself fidgeting.

>"Of course I'll see if he's available. Please hold." She doesn't wait for a response, and I'm immediately put on hold. I decide to lie down on my bed and listen to the music.<p>

"Ana, are you there?" His voice is smooth and calm.

>"Yes Christian, I'm here. I actually need to talk to you."
"Of course Ana, what can I do for you?"

>"I would like to know if you'd like to go on a double date with Kate and I, as long as you bring your brother?"
"Has Elliot agreed yet?"

>"I'm assuming Kate's talking to him now..."
"Well if he says yes, I'd love to accompany you Ana and be your date. However, before we do I have a request of you."

>"What's the request Christian?"
"Will you accompany to see my... Doctor?"

"Doctor?"

>"Yes, more a friend I discuss issues with."
"A psychologist?"

>"I prefer not to label John... But will you go with

me?"
"Tonight?"

>"We can go to your place or you can come to mine."
"I agree then. We'll go to your place."
>"I'll send Taylor around 5."<p>

"And I want to apologise for today, I know shutting the door was hard on you but I promised Jasmine and girly day."

>"I understand Ana, I may not like some things you do, but I understand."
"Thank you Christian."

>"No Ana, thank you. I'll see you tonight Goodbye."
"Bye Christian." He hangs up the phone, and I feel terrible at my actions earlier, but it was necessary to me. I do need space however, there's pressure in my chest and I'm constantly thinking of his chest. I want him around as much as he want's to be around me hopefully.

>He's a good man to me, and that's all that matters right? Sure he has issues but don't I?
I shake my head and roll over in bed, and slowly drift to sleep

In my dream I'm no longer in the lounge room but in a meadow with Jasmine, we're watching the way the wind blows the grass, she's commenting all the pretty flowers and how she wished she would pick them all.

>Across the meadow Kate and Christian stand on either side, I watched as they came together and laid out a picnic, Jasmine screamed and ran into Kate's awaiting arms, laughing and talking about how she wished she had a little baby brother or sister to play with.

>In the corner of my eye I watched the little boy with copper coloured hair and bright green eyes walk towards us, he looked scared as if he was about to cry, I naturally went to pick him up and comfort this little goddess child, bringing him to the picnic I got the children set up and went to turn towards Christian, but he wasn't there anymore.

Before I knew what was happening, Kate was in my room waking me up.

"Ana, there's some weird guy asking for you."

>"Asking for me?" I sit up and rub my eyes, what time was it?"
"What does he want?"

>"Says his name is Mr. Taylor and is here to collect you for Christian?"
"Fuck, what time is it?"

>"5?"<p>

I bolt out of bed and start to quickly get dressed, pulling on whatever pair of pants I can find in my closet and whatever shirt.

>"Is he bulky and bald?"
"Yeah, real secret agent look about him?"

>"Good. Tell him I'll be 5 minutes."<p>

I run into my bathroom pulling my shirt over my head at the same time, brushing my wild hair and brushing my teeth quickly. Pulling a mum routine as some would say, trying to do as much as possible in a small amount of time.

When I finally rush out of my bedroom Taylor is sitting at the kitchen bench with Jasmine and she's discussing what all her dolls do for their jobs, and why certain dolls hate other dolls, or why Ken likes Barbie and vice versa, but the main thing I notice is Taylor is being an active part of the conversation which makes me snicker quietly to myself.

"Taylor I'm ready to leave now." I smile brightly and go to give my little girl a hug and kiss goodbye. "Now you be EXTRA good for Auntie Kate okay?"

>"Yes Mumma, bye, bye Taylor." She waves her little hand in his direction.
"Bye Miss Steele." He blushes slightly but regains his composure.

>"You have a daughter?" I question him as we're heading towards the car.
"Yes Miss, she's 12 years old."

>"Do you miss her younger years?"<p>

"I wasn't present for many of them unfortunately. Now I see her a lot more but her mother and I have separated." He shrugs.

>"That's unfortunate. It's great you spend some time with your daughter though."
"Yes Mr. Grey allows me to have some weekends off which is good."

>"He's a good man." We both smile and agree with the statement.
"Mr. Grey has advised me Dr. Flynn is already at Escala, and they are both awaiting your presence Miss."

>"Good thing I'm fashionably late?"
"A woman is never late, a man is always just early." He smiles warmly.

>"That's very true Taylor."
"My mother always told me to make sure I say a woman is always right."

>"Your mother taught you well."<p>

We get in the car and start heading towards Escala, to say I'm nervous is an understatement, however, I know this is going to be a huge step in the right direction for Christian and I, maybe I'll find out what the nightmares or rather night terrors contain, how I can help or something like that.

>It doesn't take long to get to Escala which I'm thankful for, I could think myself into oblivion if I let myself.<p>

Taylor parks the car and opens my door for me.

>"Thank you." I automatically reply.
"You're very welcome Miss." I don't think Christian says thank you very often.

>For the second time I enter his apartment, hopefully it works out better this time.<p>

Again, second time I'm sorry about how short it is, but I didn't want to leave the issue of the last chapter unresolved.

11. Chapter 11

****Chapter Eleven****

****APOV****

As I'm riding up the elevator to his apartment my hands can't stay still, should I cross my arms as I walk into the apartment or should I have them behind my back, in front of me? There were so many different ways to present myself but none of them seemed appropriate.

>I heard the familiar ding to signal the doors were about to open, I ran my fingers through my hair hoping there were no strands out of place. I closed my eyes and started to breathe deeply.<p>

"Anastasia." I could feel the waves roll over me as I heard his

voice.

>"Christian." I whispered and moved into his arms, I didn't even realise how much I wanted to be there until I was.
I felt his lips touch my forehead and then a finger at the bottom of my chin, gently applying pressure until I was looking into those deep grey smouldering eyes.

"I thought you were never going to speak to me again."

>"Yet here I am." I kiss his lips quickly, "lets get this over with."
He laughed slightly, a little stiffer then usual. "Lets." He let me go and linked his fingers with me and walked towards his office.

>His home office was different then his building office, it was filled with warm toned woods which gave a good vibe to the room. It reminded me of an English professor like Indiana Jones or the archaeologist from "the Mummy" Brendan Frasier? Is that his name?
As my mind is wandering to everything but the task at hand, I feel Christian leading me to the couch and I look at our intertwined hands resting on his knee.

"John Flynn, this is Anastasia Steele." I look towards John and he's got a professional look about him, I look back towards Christian and his expression is guarded.

>"Hello Anastasia." His voice is smooth yet deep.
"Please call me Ana, John." I smile politely.

>"I will Ana, Christian has given me permission to discuss our sessions together with you, there's has been some issues in his past which we are still working through, and if Christian allows I'd like to start having a few sessions with you personally as well."
I raise my eyebrow, I'm curious.

>"I would like that John." I look towards Christian. "Would you mind if I spoke to John by myself for a couple of moment?"
"Of course Ana..." He's definitely guarded. "I'll be in the media room, tell Taylor when you're ready for me to join you." He kisses my forehead before he gets up, and takes a quick glance at us before he leaves the room.

"He's worried how you're going to react to these sessions." John was smiling. "Although, I believe that you're here now because you want to be with him."

>"That's one of the reasons." I nod, but stare at my hands.
"Ana, I want to discuss you before we discuss Christian."

>"There's nothing about me I need to discuss."
"I very much disagree Ana. I know about your past from what Christian has told me, and I would like to know how that impacts your life today."

>"What past?" I stare at the wall, anywhere but at him.
"Jasmine for instance, her conception." My eyes flash dangerously at John, but his expression does not change.

>"I don't believe her conception has anything to do with my life today." I snapped.<p>

"You're defensive Ana."

>"So? You're prying into something I hate."
"Why do you hate it Ana?"

>"Because... Because I can't control what happened, I can't change it."
I blink back tears. He nods and passes me a tissue.

>"I can't change what happened to me, he took something I can never get back no matter what I do, every day I watch Jasmine slowly get more of his features in her and it kills me." I stare at my hands which are in fists, how did he get me to talk so quickly?
"Did you

ever talk to anyone about the incident?"

>"No. I never told anyone I didn't trust, my dad doesn't even know."<p>

"What about your roommate?"

>"How can I talk to her? She's the one that was with me when it happens, if I cry or talk about it she starts to blame herself."
"You haven't been allowed to grieve yet Ana."

>"I was pregnant in high school still. I had a daughter when I went to college, I've done everything with Kate, she's supported me with everything I've ever done. I couldn't of done it without her."
"But she didn't let you grieve."

>"No, and I don't want her to be there when I break down about that night. It sets her off for the next week."
"You're mothering your best friend."

>"Isn't that what mother's do?"<p>

"But you aren't her mother." Those probing eyes stare into my soul.

>"I don't want to talk about Kate anymore."
"Okay Ana, so tell me what happened that night."

>I stand up from the hair and begin to pace, John didn't say to stop.
"We went out that night, Kate was always going out to bars underage and hitting on guys, I always felt she was trying to get back at her parents, they were always fighting..." I shake my head and continue.

"She always felt that her parents were ignoring her and it was the only way she could get their attention. One night we were out and she was hitting on this guy she had no intention of leaving with, I think he realised it too."

>I stop pacing and stare at the window, noticing he's always staring at me and writing down notes.
"After a few moments, he started to get really pushy with her, and I noticed she was starting to get a little sleepy, thinking it was time to go I started to tell her we needed to leave, he was adamant he'd carry her home I was so against it." I could feel myself shaking.

"He picked her up and carried her out, I chased after him, I chased him out of the building and around the corner, I screamed as he was putting her in some dodgy van." I could feel myself going to my knees on the ground, my head was shaking as if trying to expel the bad thoughts.

>John slowly went to the door and whispered to Taylor as I was battling how to talk, although I knew what to say I couldn't form the sentences. Christian was in the room and he immediately came to my side and comforted me.<p>

"When I saw him putting her in there her body was limp, I could hear the screaming and I wanted nothing more then to get her and leave, my feet kept moving me closer to the danger." Christian's body was tense.

>"When he put her down his body was turned towards me, his face with a cruel cold smile. He grabbed and put my in the back of the van, although I kicked and punched trying my hardest to just get Kate and leave I knew in my head what was going to happen."
John was intently staring at the both of us, writing things down as he goes, Christian picked me up off the floor and moved me to the couch, and I sat next to me trailing his fingers along my back.

"The doors closed and I knew it was over, his hands were... were everywhere." I whispered. "I felt him ripping my clothes from my body, I couldn't even scream my body had shut down, I could only see Kate's body limp beside me." I looked at John, and I knew it was okay to say the rest.

>"I was a virgin that night, that horrid man took that from me, I remember the pain as he used my body for whatever he wanted. After he was done with me, he made me watch what he did to Kate."
Christian gasped.

"I never told her what he did to her, I made it out that only I was raped and she was just molested. She was on birth control, and I wasn't. And I'm glad I never told her, because I knew what I battled with those first couple of weeks would of destroyed her."

>"When did you find out you were pregnant Ana?" John softly prompted.
"I found out three weeks after that night, I missed my period and didn't think anything of it, of course when I mentioned it to Kate her face went white and told me what it normally meant when a period was missed." I looked at Christian with teary eyes.

>"She brought the pregnancy test and held me when I cried that night." His fingers trailed along my cheek bone.
"So now because of the traumatic event of being raped, watching your drugged friend be raped and bear his child you struggle with any man who's aggressive towards or near you, with good reason." John was always on point, all I could do was nod.

"Is that why you got Jasmine from her bed and left Christian's apartment?" I look directly into Johns eyes.

>"Yes, I had a flashback of how that man made me feel, and when Christian swore at me and stormed out I couldn't help but leave..."
I looked at Christian and he was shocked.

>"I didn't even think..." He looked into my eyes and I could see so much emotion in them, sorrow, love, warmth even. "I'm so sorry Ana, I never meant to... I would never..."
I kiss him softly.

"I know that, in my mind I know that, but my reasoning left me. I'm sorry too, but I told you I will always put Jasmine first, she's my everything."

>"The light in the darkness." John chimed in.
"Exactly John, she's my light in the darkness."

>"You and Jasmine are my light Ana, and I'll do everything in my power to give you a safe, warm, protective home and life. I promise."
"I'll keep you to that." I laugh.

>"I hope you do." he winks.<p>

****CPOV****

After hearing what happened at Ana first hand from her, it was clear that she had never expressed how that night had made her feel, she was too busy being a mother to Jasmine and Kate, I couldn't imagine how I would of turned out if I didn't have John to discuss and process what happened to me as a child, and yet that nightmare I couldn't let her in, I didn't think she was going to understand.

>But I have to let her in if I want to be a part of her and Jasmine's life.
"John, did you and Ana discuss my sessions?"

"No, we haven't discussed them." He raises an eyebrow, I've never offered to bring my life troubles up.

>I turn towards Ana, "I want you to hear everything John has to say

from a professional point of view, about me, about my past." She nods and turns to John, her body language is professional.
"Ana, are you willing to hear his story?" John is always professional.

>"Always."<p>

"The first thing we need to discuss is how Christian has an issue concerning abandonment, but also he's very insecure about you."

>"Me?" It makes me smile at how she doesn't realise the impact she has on me.
"Yes, you and only you." I whisper into her ear loud enough for John to hear, and he smiles.

>"Now Ana, we're going to start off with Christian's childhood." I feel myself tense up slightly, but I force myself to calm down for her sake. "for the first eight years a child's life is one of the most important times for development of the mind and body as you would know." She nods intently listening.
"Christian as you know was adopted at the age of four years old, however we're going to discuss before the age of four." I link my fingers with Ana and trace the back of her hand with fingers.

"Now, Christian's mother was a good mother when we was first born, we did a background search on her and found out she was married to a man in the Army who left her after Christian was born." Just keep focussing on her hand Christian.

>"Once Christian's father left his mother went on a downwards spiral which consisted of drugs and prostitution." A little gasp escapes her mouth. "Christian at this time was only three years old when she was prostituting her self frequently so much to the point, where she got a pimp to over-look her drug habit and working life."<p>

"He began to look after himself, eating anything he could because his mother never had food in the house for him, eating frozen peas, mouldy cheese whatever would keep him alive. However as her drug habit got worse the pimp began to have more control over her, which meant a lot of the time Christian was left in the care of the pimp." I could feel me squeezing her hand, and she squeezed back and patted my hand comforting me.

>"He used to abuse Christian as a child, both physically and mentally. He used to beat Christian or inflict a lot of pain on him with many different devices." I feel her tracing her fingers along my back like I was doing to her, it was so relaxing regardless of the conversation taking place.
She was keeping quiet. "The most traumatic event however was when Christian was four years old, he was taken from his house by the police to be handed over to social workers. Christian found was found half starved clinging to his dead mother. The pimp had called it in, however he left Christian in the room with his mother and locked the door."

Ana turned towards me, "I had no idea, that must of been awful." There was no pity but understanding instead.

>"Ana, when Christian had that nightmare it was about his past and that's why he reacted very negatively, and why he shut you out."
"And my past is why I shut him out and ran."

>"Yes Ana, you're very switched on." John was surprised.
"However, Christian as you'd know was adopted by the Grey's and has lead a very successful life. You met Elena correct?"

>Her face flushed and shoulders squared off. "Yes I met her." a short reply.
"Do you know the history Christian and Elena had?"

"A brief history." I replied. "Ana did not approve of Elena and I interacting anymore, I agreed."

>"Ana, it's very good you did that. I've been saying he needs to stop interacting with that woman for years now. You're a very good influence." He smiles at her and she blushes slightly.
"So what's the story with Elena?" Although she's embarrassed she's determined to find out all the information.

>"The story with Elena is a very complex one. As Christian has probably told you they had a sexual relationship when he was younger, however he believes he needed her at that point of time."<p>

I glare slightly at him, this is the one point we openly disagree on and he knows it.

>"Christian was a rough youth, getting into fights, rebelling against his parents because he believed he was destined to follow after his mother, he didn't deserve Grace's love or the families love. To set him straight Grace got him to work of friends and neighbours houses, one of those houses was in fact Elena Lincoln's." Still no pity thank god.<p>

"Elena introduced Christian into the world of BDSM." There was a loud gasp from her mouth.

>"Your touch is the only touch that Christian can stand I've noticed, he didn't tense when you touched his back, you're the only woman he's slept with in the same bed, over night of course, the only woman he didn't introduce to a contract or look at as a sexual object."
I'm trying not to look at her, I don't want to see her processing this.

>"She controlled him when he couldn't control himself which was good for him, however she used his body for her own devices, not allowing him to go out and experience things for his own age or date women his own age however what she did do, was make him study hard other wise he got beaten then they had sexual intercourse."<p>

She squeezed my hand softly, at least she's not leaving.

>"After six years Christian had enough control over his life that he didn't need Elena anymore, however to keep control over his childhood he began to use women who looked like his mother as sub missive's, who Christian would use in the same manner Elena used him." That should shock her but it doesn't for some reason.
"That day you came into his office he didn't want you to become his submissive at all, he didn't desire to exert his control over you which was a huge step forward for him. When he did a background check on you" she stiffed and turned to glare at me. "Ana you must of expect him to do a back ground check, he had to control the situation some how."

"You did a background check on me?"

>"If it makes you feel better I tried to find your attacker that night."
"You did?"

>"I did. We couldn't though. I had the FBI on it."
Her lips purse slightly, but accepts it.

>"When he learnt of Jasmine his life spiralled, turned upside-down he called me in a panic and he didn't even know you."
"How could I make his life spiral?"

>"Because you resemble his mother."
I looked at my hands, run Ana run...

"Do I?" she questioned almost to herself.

>"Yes." I whispered. "She had shorter hair than you, same colour and your bodies are of similar builds that's true. However you there is a

very significant difference between the two of you."
"And what's that?"

>"You're a good mother, in fact you're a tremendous mother."<p>

Her eyes were tearing up again, and she smiled brightly.

>"Ana, you are letting Christian reimagine his childhood through Jasmine and yourself, he's becoming an adult thanks to you, because before this he was never able to move on in his life, it will be difficult there's no doubt about that, however I believe with your determination and motherly instincts Ana you will be able to handle this, if it's something you wish to continue with of course." John was always able to get straight to the point, it's one of the reasons I hired and kept him for myself.<p>

"Of course I want to continue with Christian, however we haven't even discussed a relationship between us yet. It's only been less than a week." she whispered.

>"I want a relationship with you." I shifted my body and looked at her softly biting her lush bottom lip.
"I want one with you too, and I think Jasmine is more than infatuated with you, however I need to know if I commit to you, and after you've 'matured' as John says, you won't leave me."

"And why would I leave you?" I raise an eyebrow genuinely disturbed by the thought.

>"Because you'd be normal, like everyone else realise you're stinking rich and find some super model girlfriend who's super skinny and what not."
I frown in disgust at her comment. "Anastasia, you did not just say something so stupid."

>"Christian, please be mindful of Ana's thoughts and feelings." she's flushed and staring at her hands obviously hurt by my comment.
"I'm sorry Ana, I just don't understand how you can think that way."

>"Most girls do." She's snappy, definitely upset.<p>

"Christian, you need to look at yourself through Ana's eyes." John calmly said. "Ana has grown up with a mother who jumped from partner to partner and then just one man who she has now associated with her father. They lived a simple life never having more than they needed, she believes she's average, however you're the opposite, you're from a very influential background with money and connections, you're very active and fit, you're both from very different worlds."

God damn John and his ability to see everything.

>"Now, I do have other appointments to get too you two lovely people. I'll escort myself out. Ana I believe you will do well having an appointment once a week, and Christian I'll send my details to Andrea." He smiles and stands. "It was a pleasure to meet you Ana."
"Good to meet you too John." He leaves the office and I turn to Ana and kiss her once softly on the lips.

"Ana, I'm sorry about everything." I look into those deep blue eyes as they look back into my self.

>"No, I'm the one who's sorry. But let's not talk about that anymore tonight. How about we go into your bedroom..." She winks. I pick her up and carry her to my bedroom, I would say briskly but it felt nearly more like a run at this point.<p>

I threw her onto my bed and watched as her hair fanned around her as she landed. I slid my shirt up over my head and sauntered towards

her, stripping off more as I do. "Take off your clothes now." I growled. Her smile so wide she quickly undressed herself and was in nothing but her bra and panties, I was completely naked, gripping my firm erection in my hand. "I said everything Ana, don't make me take them off myself."

>"I want you to take them off." she whispered.<p>

I pull her up off the bed and spin her around so her back faced me, undoing her bra I slide it off quickly and kissed slow trailed down her back until I reached her panties and slid them off too.

>"Do you want rough or soft?" I whisper against her skin, tracing my fingers up the inside of her leg.
"Rough, I need you." her voice was hard, husky even.

My fingers traced all the way up to her pussy and traced along her lips, I trail kisses along her lower back, I can hear her breathes getting louder, raspier.

>I flick her clit with my fingertip and the gasp which followed after was music to my ears.
Feeling how wet she was becoming from all the attention she was getting, I slid my finger into her wet goodness, pumping a few times I slid another in after, her body was quivering, moans coming from between those gorgeous lips. Standing I kiss the back of her neck and remove my fingers and place them in my mouth and suck off her juices from my fingers.

"Mm, you taste so good." I mummer.

>"I feel so empty now." She moans.
"you won't for long." I whisper.

>Placing my hand on her shoulder I apply pressure and she bends over, resting her hands on the bed. I spit on my cock and slide it between her legs rubbing my cock against her pussy, letting my head hit her clit several times. She was trying to sway her hips, I felt her move forward slightly trying to adjust herself so I could enter. Keeping my hands on her hips, I keep hitting her clit over and over.<p>

"You're not getting away that easy Miss Steele."

>"Don't tease Christian, it's not very nice." I know she's pouting and rubbing myself against her is starting to wear on my self control.
"As you wish." I adjust myself and slam myself entirely into her warm, hot, wet pussy.

>We both exhale in pleasure I run my fingernails over her back.
I thrust hard into her and I feel her clench around my cock. "Fuck you feel good."

"Don't fuck around Christian, fuck me." I loved it when she talked dirty, it was wrong and so hot.

>I keep thrusting hard and fast into her, I grip into her making my nails dig into her skin, occasionally grabbing her hair and pulling her into me. Low guttural groans escape both Ana and my own lips.
I quickly pull out of her, and spin her around and push her onto the bed and quickly placing myself between her legs and back into her roughly. I bite her neck and dig my nails into her hips, thrusting in and out of her quickly. "Fuck Christian, I'm going to cum!" I thrust into her faster, harder and move from her neck to her lips, kissing her passionately.

"Fucking cum for me." I groan between thrusts and kisses, and as if commanded she came around my cock.

>It didn't take me long to feel the urge of cuming, in which I pulled

out of her, and stood at the side of the bed, as if reading my mind she moves and quickly grabs my cock and begins to expertly suck on it. I place my hands on the back of her head and thrust into her mouth.
"Fuck Ana, I'm going to cum." I feel her fingernails tracing along my thighs, it doesn't take me long to explode into her mouth, to which she milks me dry, and swallows.

We both move to the bed and lie down, she curls up into my arms and we cuddle together.

>"That was fucking amazing." I whisper.
"Amazing." she mumbles.

I still can't believe she thinks she's not good enough for me, she's beautiful, I'm the one that's not good enough for her.

>Soon I could hear her softly breathing beside me, before too long we were both soundly asleep where the dreams soon follow.<p>

_I walk into a little living room, there's a fire going and it's all warm. Jasmine is running down the hallway singing out "Daddy's home!" and with a huge smile on her face jumps into my arms and gives me a huge cuddle and begins to tell me all about her day, which was as eventful as could be for a six year old. "Mumma is taking a nap." _

>"Then let's go wake her!" We climb up the stairs together and run into the main bedroom. There's a lump under the covers which quickly comes to life, Ana its up with a wide smile across her face.

>"Mumma is awake! but needs to go to the bathroom." Everyone laughs at her joke and I notice that she struggles to get out of bed.

>When she finally stands I realise why she struggled, she's heavily pregnant.

>"Who's baby is that?" I gasp.

>"It's yours silly." and with that I jolt awake.

"Did you have another nightmare baby?" Ana is quickly at my side.

>"No, not a nightmare, I dreamt you were pregnant." I whisper, It's dark when I finally open my eyes, we must of been sleeping for a long time.
"Pregnant huh?"

>"Yeah. Jasmine was 6 years old..."
"Well, we could have a baby in 2 years time if you wanted." she was chuckling to herself now.

>I slowly push her on her back and crawl between her legs, kissing her lips as I do so.<p>

"You want a little grey in you?" I qhisper.

>"Who knows in two years time?" Her tone was serious.
"How about we start night now?" I chuckle and enter myself into her slowly.

**Thank you guys so much for sticking along side me and reading even after the events that transpired in the last couple of chapters, I know it wasn't everyone's cup of tea but it was amazing to know how much support I've got behind me. **

>This was a much more info based episode and I promise there are funnier ones coming up.

>I do hope you loved the ending of this chapter, it's probably been my favourite ending so far.

>As per usual, sorry it's been a couple of days since update, but with working such weird hours i find myself tired a lot of the time and I hate releasing chapters where are only 1k - 2k a chapter,

but it may be something I look into further into the future, but I will do whatever you desire most.
>Again, any feed back I do always appreciate however please keep negative feed back as constructive as I won't learn until someone helps. Also, any comments about how you don't like the way I portrayed my characters will be ignored.
>Have a good daynight**

~AnnoyedPrincess.

End
file.